

LONDON THE CRITIC, LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI.—No. 391.

JULY 15, 1857.

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From *Tait's Magazine*.—"The work is elaborately finished, and indicates great reasoning and also strong imaginative powers. The poem contains passages more magnificent than we have quoted, and especially those in which the poet, like Dante, seeks to penetrate the dismal abodes of the lost, and narrates the woes of the fallen angels. To a splendid theme the author has brought the power of analysing and describing that which no eye hath seen, in verse, as Martin described it on canvas."

From the *John Bull and Britannia*.—"It is not deficient in poetic merit. There are passages of great power and beauty; pictures of life as it now is, presented to the mind with all the force of the contrast which they form in the revelations of the great day: attempts too, not altogether unsuccessful, to embody in the language of man the lofty conceptions which the human mind is led to form of the invisible world and of the Eternal Creator and Lord of All. Excellent in sentiment, rich in fancy, and beautiful in diction."

"Passages of extreme power and beauty."—*Atlas*.

"The Last Judgment" comes before us, like "The Course of Time" with claims equally remarkable; it has evidently been conceived and written with great care; and it puts the tribe of the Smiths, the Masseys, and the Tennysons, to the rout."—*Star*.

London: LONGMAN & Co. Sold by the Booksellers, and at all the principal Railway Stations.

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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WE are glad to hear that the JERROLD Testimonial is progressing. It is now understood that a considerable sum of money will be realised for the benefit of the family, and that that sum of money is needed. The subject is too painful to dwell upon; so we shall briefly say that we are glad to hear of the realisation of the money, as we are sorry to know that it is needed.

Arising out of this testimonial scheme is a curious tale, which seems to have emanated from the fertile imagination of a "special correspondent," to the effect that the party of amateur actors was invited to Windsor Castle, and refused to go unless permitted to sup with the Queen. Setting aside the improbability that any English gentlemen would be guilty of such a *bêtise* as to stipulate beforehand how they were to be treated during a visit, it is not likely that the QUEEN, having been so bargained with, would have anything further to do with them. Besides, men of great note in literature know too well what is due to themselves and the sacred dignity of their craft to desire to suffer the humiliation of mixing in society where they could not be received with perfect equality. Dining at the royal table does not raise a man to a level with the QUEEN; and it would be all the more painful for a man of acute sensitiveness to find himself in a position which the very studied politeness of his treatment proves to be a false one. The facts of the case, so far as they are of interest to the public, seem to be that the QUEEN, having a desire to see Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's little drama "The Frozen Deep" acted by Mr. DICKENS and his friends, an intimation to that effect was conveyed to that gentleman; and the entertainment was accordingly given at the Egyptian Hall, where HER MAJESTY, the Royal Family, and many royal and illustrious visitors attended, and manifested the greatest delight at seeing that exquisite little gem of a drama so finely played.

It is, of course, a question which is open to fair discussion whether the common cry that Mr. DICKENS is deteriorating, and that each of his works betrays a tendency downwards, is or is not an enunciation of what STERNE called "the cant of criticism;" but it will be admitted on all hands that the controversy should be carried out with temper, and with that respect which is ever due to real genius. That a great many persons should dislike "Little Dorrit" is not unaccountable to us. In our eyes, this is certainly the worst of Mr. DICKENS's works, excepting always that incomparably bad and unconsciously pernicious book, "Hard Times." We see more faults in "Little Dorrit" than we care to enumerate: that it defies every rule, and is framed in accordance with no plan; that it brings personages upon the stage, with infinite pomp and ceremony, and straightway dismisses them, and does nothing whatever with them; that it hurries promising careers into unforeseen and absurd catastrophes; that it has been evidently written from hand to mouth—the author not scrupling to trust to the accident-paragraphs and police reports of the *Times*, to help him out of every difficulty. Also it seems to us that both the hero and heroine of the story (we mean, of course, LITTLE DORRIT herself and Mr. CLENNAM) are personages so hopelessly dull and uninteresting, that we never feel any sympathy for them, and are glad to be rid of them altogether. We should like to know exactly why old DORRIT went to prison, and why he came out again; what it was that old JEREMIAH and Mrs. CLENNAM were so mysterious about; what was the secret of BLANDINO's ascendancy of that iron-nerved woman; what relation Miss WADE was to ARTHUR, or to MAGGY, or to TATTYCORAM; what became of that singularly uninteresting person "PET" and of her extremely disagreeable husband, Mr. HENRY GOWAN? All these matters, and more, occur to us, and we should like to have them solved. So weak is the combination of the story, that the author has (as we have already stated) been compelled to have recourse to the stores of sober contemporaneous fact to strengthen it; but in vain: not JOHN SADLER, nor the British Bank, nor ROBSON, nor REDPATH, nor the district surveyor

of Tottenham-Court-road, could give a spice of interest to the waste and barren pages of "Little Dorrit." If Miss MADELINE SMITH had only played her interesting little drama a few months earlier, the novel might have been saved at least from the charge of being common-place; for "lugged" into the story, "by hook or by crook," would this Circe of Glasgow have been as surely as the jury returned a verdict of "Not Proven." Yet, whilst we admit all this, let us reverently declare our fixed and unalterable conviction, that in CHARLES DICKENS we have among us one of the greatest and most brilliant men of genius that this or any other age ever saw; let us know him for the author of works which will endure as long as the English language itself—as the sweetest painter of manners, and all the delicate and intricate changes of the human heart—as the poet of our daily life; the "guide, philosopher, and friend," who has gilded some of the darkest moments of our lives—who has planted in our bosoms a lively faith that all is not wickedness and corruption on the earth—and who has taught us to know a part, at least, of what was meant when we were told that God looked upon his work that he had made and found it very good. Perhaps to no writer that ever lived, except SHAKESPEARE, has human nature ever been so deeply indebted as to CHARLES DICKENS; and, if perchance there be any among our readers who judge this language to be extreme and hyperbolic, let us remind them that it is to him we owe the regeneration of taste which proves that there may be good humour and wit without coarseness; the advance from "CORINTHIAN TOM" and his blackguard companions to SAM WELLER and Mr. PICKWICK is very great indeed. Let us remind them also that it is DICKENS who, above all other writers, has succeeded in depicting the beauty of simple virtue without rendering it contemptible. Less analytical than BALZAC the great, or even than Mr. THACKERAY, there is infinitely more of instinctive genius about him than in either. Where they with great elaboration and extreme pains would be laying bare the muscles of the heart, he, in a few plain and simple touches, will give you not only the fact, but the moral of the heart itself. Even in his failures he is greater than most men, and in "Little Dorrit" there are pages and pages which would glorify and immortalise a book ten times more stupid, and make the reputation of scores of critics who affect to despise the work.

Those who agree with us in this belief will understand with what astonishment and disgust we have read an article in the *Saturday Review* in which this master-mind is treated as if he were a common buffoon. In an article headed "Light Literature and the *Saturday Review*," one of the contributors to that periodical—after relating a charge brought by the *Leader* that he and his brethren had a habit of "tilting blindly against the sturdiest living celebrities"—proceeds to prove the falsity of the accusation by stating that, although Mr. DICKENS "is a man of great talent," in whose language is "great epigrammatic force and humorous quaintness;" that it is "his business to amuse the people;" that he is a mere pastry-cook who "sacrifices the Lora Chief Justice in gilt gingerbread, caricatures and hands down the Prime Minister to infamy in cleverly-devised shapes of *blanc mange*;" that his faith in morals and theology consists of "a sort of happy-go-lucky notion that everything is all right all round, and that—except a few melo-dramatic villains who are wanted as foils for the rest—this world is peopled by a number of rather grotesque but exquisitely-luscious incarnate virtues, and the next by a bevy of glorified opera-dancers, who have no better occupation than that of petting their earthly congeners here and hereafter;" finally, that Mr. DICKENS is really and truly only "the most distinguished buffoon of society."

Now, without going into the other topics broached by this article—as to whether the writers in the *Saturday Review* are or are not a clique of university men, who have more of scholastic flippancy than knowledge of men and things,—whether, in fact, they are anything better than overgrown schoolboys, or whether (to put it in the form which they have specially chosen) they be not guilty of dogmatism which is "puppyism come to maturity"—we can regard this verdict upon Mr. DICKENS as nothing but the attempt of an inferior mind to degrade that which he cannot understand. There is not a man, woman, or child in the country that has ever shed a tear over the grave of little Nell

who will not stigmatise that epithet "buffoon" as mendacious; there is no one who ever gained an hour of sunshine from "Pickwick," "Barnaby Rudge," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Dombey and Son," or the "Christmas Carol," who will not cry "Shame!" upon the slanderer. There is a sort of hard words which can only be replied to by hard words, and the word "buffoon," as applied to Mr. DICKENS, is one of that species. He himself is placed too high in literature to condescend to bandy words with the *Saturday Reviewer*; and, therefore, it behoves those who love him and feel grateful to him for the many great and good things which he has done in the world to hurl back the offensive missile with all the strength and scorn at their command.

After regarding the novelist these many years as being in the same category with the dramatist, whose business it is to "hold the mirror up to Nature," it is suddenly discovered that Mr. DICKENS has no business to attempt to teach people by his books, and that all he is expected to do is "to make them laugh." What a notable discovery! The novelist then must never inculcate a moral (for it is clear that to prove that thoughtlessness is better than hypocrisy in youth is as grievous a crime as to point out the defects in the Circumlocution Office); future FIELDINGS must write no more "Tom Joneses;" all that they can properly do is to write a purposeless story, which is to make people laugh, and to leave the duty of thinking for the good of the nation entirely to the writers of the *Saturday Review*. How any man can have the hardihood to assert that the Circumlocution Office is not a photograph to the life, we cannot understand; the truth is brought clearly to our apprehension every day of our lives. Clumsy though the sketch was in a literary point of view, there is no contradicting the truthfulness of MERDLE. Why, then, attack Mr. DICKENS for having striven to apply his story to a good purpose—the exposure of SADLEIRISM and Redtapeism? Arraign him before the literary tribunal if you will, and prove that he has executed his purpose badly; but do not utter the stupendous absurdity that the writer of fiction may not healthily apply his powers to the rectification of moral and social evils, and that it is not, in fact, his duty to commingle instruction as much as it is compatible with the amount of amusement which he imparts.

The half-yearly meeting of the members of the Royal College of Preceptors, held at the rooms in Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, on the 27th of June, was a very stormy one. In the absence of the President, Mr. HUMPHREYS, the chair was taken by Mr. TAYLOR JONES, who, in the course of his opening address, expressed a hope that the proceedings would pass off amicably, and an opinion that an immense amount of good had been effected by the College. To prove this, he stated that the examinations of the pupils in schools by the examiners of the College had gradually increased; and that, at the last examination, no less than 421 certificates had been given, and upwards of 3000 had been given since the foundation of the College. After the financial statement had been read by the secretary, which showed that the receipts for the half-year had been 340*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*, and the balance in hand 75*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*, a certain Mr. Fox complained that the auditors had been "held up to execration as a vile faction," for calling attention to the increasing deficit in the payment of subscriptions; and this was followed up by Dean WILSON, who stated that, although he had applied the offensive epithet to the auditors, it was in the privacy of conversation, and was never intended for publication. The entrance of Dr. ALTSCHUL (who will be remembered by our readers as the author of a letter which was published in these columns, calling attention to the unsatisfactory state of the college) became a signal for shouts and groans, which did not, however, prevent him from pursuing his attack with much earnestness and determination. Until we are in possession of more facts bearing upon the state of the college, we must content ourselves with reminding both parties of a self-evident truism, namely, that these discussions are likely neither to further the cause of the society nor to carry out its object.

The Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge has issued a circular which, after requesting the aid of all well-wishers to the cause, states that "Mr. AYRTON, M.P. for

the Tower Hamlets, has undertaken to bring the Paper Duty before the House of Commons during the present session." Do these gentlemen really know what it is they are fighting with? They are fighting with the monopoly of the *Times*, and the whole army of the dear press; they are fighting with the leading news-venders; they are fighting against the most complicated vested interests that ever banded to perpetuate an abuse. Much of time, more of money, and most of all of perseverance, will be required before they can win the victory. Moreover, they must wait for the great ocean-wave of the cheap press, which must, sooner or later, wash away all these mud-banks.

The lighting up at night of the New Museum at Kensington again suggests the feasibility of lighting the new reading-room of the British Museum with gas. It has been proved to demonstration that it is possible to light such a building from the outside without the slightest danger from fire. If so, why not render the Reading-room available for night-reading to some extent. We know that for books to be sought for out of the library at night, a thorough lighting of the whole library will be necessary, and that that can hardly be effected without incurring a risk; but it would be possible to let those literary workers who will get their books during daylight remain until ten o'clock. This would practically be a great boon to those who use the library for the purpose of serious work. It is perfectly well known that any one who is consulting a certain number of books for a specific purpose can have those books laid aside for him until he has done with them. Let that system be a little extended, and the literary workmen will have all that they can reasonably expect; and the only persons who would have any reason to complain of the change would be the active, excellent, and already hard-worked employees at the library. We have no doubt, however, that an increase of the staff, combined with a tangible increase of pay, would go far to remove even their scruples.

LORD CAMPBELL, by dint of his natural perseverance and the divinity which doth hedge a Lord Chief Justice, is likely to carry his Bill for the Suppression of Obscene Books through the Lords. Whether he will be as successful in the Commons remains to be seen. Even at the risk of being accused (as the high-minded LORD LYNDBURST was) of favouring obscene publications, we must confess that in our opinion the Bill is unjust, ineffectual, and likely to be productive of more harm than good. Not only does it condemn the cheap garbage of Holywell-street, whilst it permits the expensive poisons which degrade French and German literature to pass unchallenged; but it gives a power to a common inspector of police which such a functionary is utterly incompetent to exercise. Imagine the absurdity of seeing a noble Lord vote for LORD CAMPBELL's Bill one day, and on the morrow at Messrs. SOTHEY and WILKINSON's, wagging his head liquorishly over a fine copy of the Orleans Gallery ("Perfect, sir; by Venus! and with all the suppressed plates!") or a good example of the "Hypnotomachia" of ARETINO. Then, again, how ridiculous to give a policeman the power to enter and search for indecent prints. How many GUIDOS and RAPHAELS—how many subjects by TITIAN and CORREGGIO, RUBENS, ETTY, and FROST—would be marched off to the station-house by the too-modest inspector? How many blushing Venuses and Graces would be forced to veil their charms, or mount the treadmill! Why, the Queen's Cabinet would be despoiled of many a boasted treasure if even-handed justice were administered. CLAUDE's sketching-book would have to make its appearance at Bow-street, and the print department of the British Museum would be thrown open to the A. division, to the infinite disgust of Mr. CARPENTER. In fact, this measure appears to be one of those pieces of short-sighted legislative cobbling which proceed from a meddling spirit of interference rather than a broad and statesmanlike view of things as they are. In one point of view the debate on the second reading was interesting, in so far as it gave occasion for LORD LYNDBURST to pay back LORD CAMPBELL's insult with interest, and furnished an anecdote which will look well when some literary Lord Chief Justice, with a spirit kindred to his own, shall come to perform to the author and compiler of "The Lives of the Chancellors" the same resurrectionising office which he has so unsparingly performed for his predecessors in office.

LORD LYNDBURST said he had to acknowledge the full and ample manner in which the noble and learned lord had alluded to the offensive words uttered by him on the occasion of the second reading of the Bill. He did not, owing to an infirmity under which he suffered, hear the words himself, but they were reported to him by several noble friends. They were expressions of the most offensive nature. But he apprehended that his noble and learned friend was not always aware of the meaning of the expressions he used. He had been so accustomed, in relating anecdotes of his predecessors in office, to make degrading statements concerning them, that his judgment must have become blunted in reference to the language suitable to such a purpose. He (LORD LYNDBURST) was the more convinced of this since his noble and learned friend, in a volume of a publication which he had not long since issued to the world, inserted two or three paragraphs which he (LORD LYNDBURST) considered to be of an insulting nature against himself; and, having done so, he selected that particular volume and sent it to him (LORD LYNDBURST) as a present. He concluded from that that his noble and learned friend did not understand the force of his own expressions. On the very occasion on which the expressions he then complained of were uttered—expressions which were more degrading to the person who uttered them than they could be to the person against whom they were uttered—his noble and learned friend, when the division took place, came round to him, and, with a smiling face, asked him to amend his Bill. He (LORD LYNDBURST), not having heard the offensive expressions, consented, and made the amendments which had been referred to.

Although LORD CAMPBELL expressed some surprise at receiving this castigation after apology given, it was no more than he richly merited. An apology is always an admission of ignorance, and a request for forgiveness upon that ground; but when the existence of that ignorance is more than doubtful, the statement that there was no intention to offend seems contradictory to the fact.

The following letter must bring to a conclusion the painful and rather tiresome correspondence about "The Hobbies." We can admit no more, either *pro* or *con*.

London, July 7th, 1857.

SIR,—I have to beg your indulgence for again intruding upon your attention a matter which concerns myself personally; but, having reason to fear that my reserve upon certain painful circumstances which Mr. Newby has needlessly obtruded upon public notice has exposed me to misrepresentation, I trust that you will kindly allow me to offer the following statement of facts in self-defence.

Mr. Newby, being unable to deny that he affixed my name to "The Hobbies" without my consent, has endeavoured to divert public attention from this fact to circumstances which have nothing to do with it. In two letters he has tried to make it appear that I offered to let my name be announced as editor of the work in question, and that in denying this I state what is untrue. In short, Mr. Newby seems to have taken with my private affairs and my personal character as unwarrantable a liberty as he has already taken with my literary reputation.

About a year and a half ago, I made certain alterations in the work above alluded to, and offered it to four or five publishers; but in no one instance (and the question was asked) would I permit my name to appear in connection with it, the work being of a kind that a lady would not be likely to write, and the phrase "edited by" being not unfrequently used as a slight disguise for authorship.

One of these publishers was Mr. Chapman, of the firm of Chapman and Hall, whose name I am compelled to mention because it has been dragged into this controversy by Mr. Newby, who has circulated a copy of a letter from that gentleman, with a view to have it inferred that I consented to my name being affixed to "The Hobbies." I have, however, the satisfaction of giving the following explicit testimony of Mr. Chapman himself to the fact that I did not offer to affix my name to the book in question.

(COPY.)

193, Piccadilly, London, July 4th, 1857.

SIR,—In your circular, dated June 6th, I observe you state that "The Hobbies" was offered by Miss Kavanagh to a London firm with the understanding that it was to be "announced" as edited by her. As long as my name was not mentioned I thought it unnecessary to take notice of this inaccuracy; but as you have in another circular, dated June 29, quoted my whole letter as confirming that statement, I must quote your attention to the fact that it says nothing whatever about such "announcement."

I simply stated that Miss Kavanagh offered to edit the book, which she does not, I believe, deny; but I will now add that if she had offered to affix her name—which she did not do—I should have declined it, as contrary to my notions of what is right on such matters.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

T. C. NEWBY, Esq.

E. C. CHAPMAN.

P.S.—I have sent a copy of this to Miss Kavanagh, in justice to myself.

I need say no more; but, as Mr. Newby has made use of the word "edit" in a manner calculated to mislead, it is necessary for me to add that I have not seen the MS. of the work for eighteen months, nor have the proofs been submitted to me; I cannot, therefore, be regarded as in any way responsible for the book as printed.

Sincerely hoping that I may not again be compelled to trouble you on this painful matter

I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

JULIA KAVANAGH.

There are some changes taking place in the journalistic world which should be noticed. The *Morning Herald*, which has now come into the hands of two proprietors with a capitalist in the City to back them, is going to do wonders. There is to be an encyclopaedist for editor, and, to put a new front to the offending, a spick and span new font of copper-faced type. The *Herald* also issues an evening paper at a cheap rate, which is called the *Evening Herald*, and contains all the news of the day. The *Standard* is in other hands, and differs widely in policy from its ancient friend. The *St. James's Chronicle* has become the property of a religious publisher of high standing, and will, doubtless, not only maintain but mend its position. A new illustrated weekly paper may be shortly expected, which will rival the *Illustrated London News*. The projectors are the Messrs. TALLIS; and it is a terrible omen for Mr. INGRAM that these enterprising publishers have never yet failed in anything they have undertaken. Perhaps, however, there will be room for both.

The Secretary of the Neophyte Writers' Society has favoured us with a pamphlet purporting to be the quarterly circular of the society, in which some allusions are made to the opinion respecting their scheme which their own importunity has forced from us. The portion of the pamphlet which refers to ourselves opens with a statement that "the privacy which has hitherto attended our proceedings has been broken into by a discussion of rather an angry kind, that has arisen between the above journal and one or two members of Neophyte" (*sic*). In reply to this, we have only to say that it was not our fault that their privacy was broken into, seeing that our sole objection to the scheme was that, instead of preserving that privacy which was alone compatible with their true position, they sought to make themselves public and popular. After these preface remarks came a copy in *extenso* of the letter which Mr. DE LISLE sent to us (which, as "the members of Neophyte" are good enough to admit we were "sufficiently liberal to insert entire"), and some abbreviated extracts from our remarks, interspersed with bald commonplaces about this journal's "want of consistency." In reply to this, we can only thank "the members of Neophyte" for their advice as to the conduct of our business, though, at the same time, we must assure them that we do not stand in the slightest need of it. If we meddled with them it was at their own request. They asked us for an opinion, and we gave it. It was not palatable, and *hinc illæ lacrymæ*! But, in bidding them farewell, let us gently remind them that there is a little matter not yet cleared up, as to which we hoped one day to hear from them. How was it that they published a list of councillors, stating that they were persons who took an active part in the proceedings of the society, and at the same time wrote to us for the private addresses of many of these persons? Until this point is cleared up we must decline to take any further notice of the Neophyte Writers' Society.

If literature does not get its share of the loaves and fishes and honours of the world it is certainly not for want of trying on the part of its votaries. Some time ago, when the political world was rife with speculations upon the then impending general election, we suggested the desirability of having a few literary men (exclusively so, without the concomitant advantages of birth and fortune) in the representative body. It is not improbable that this utopian vision may be realised; for Mr. THACKERAY is standing for the city of Oxford, that seat being vacated by the decision of the Election Committee. As Mr. THACKERAY is making a busy canvas, and is an effective public speaker; and as, moreover, he is supported by all the influence of the ousted member, it is not improbable that he will be elected.

L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

Indigenous Races of the Earth, or New Chapters of Ethnological Inquiry: including Monographs of Special Departments of Philology, Iconography, Craniology, Palæontology, Pathology, Archaeology, Comparative Geography, and Natural History. Contributed by ALFRED MAURY, FRANCIS PULSZKY, and J. AITKEN MEIGS, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 1857.

THIS interesting volume must be regarded rather as a rich repository of facts than as a scientific work enunciating and proving a distinct principle. It is indeed a collection of essays and *précis* of facts, prepared not only by the three gentlemen whose names are upon the title-page, but also by some of the most celebrated ethnologists of the day. We do not expect that this, or, indeed, considering the present state of the science, any other work, will definitely settle the many complex questions respecting the unity or diversity of the human race; but we feel persuaded, from the cursory perusal which we have been enabled to give to this volume, that the matter contained in it will be found to be of the greatest service to all who desire to penetrate the depths of the subject.

The subdivision of the chapters will give a good idea of the way in which the question is treated. The first chapter treats of the distinction and classification of tongues; their relation to the geographical distinction of races; and the inductions which may be drawn from these relations. The second (which is by M. Pulszky) contains iconographic researches on human races and their art. The third considers the cranial characteristics of the races of men. The fourth treats of acclimation, or the comparative influence of climate, endemic and epidemic diseases, on the races of men. The fifth is upon the Monogenists and the Polygenists; and the sixth is a commentary upon the principal distinctions observable among the various groups of humanity. The volume is very plentifully illustrated with diagrams, engravings, and charts; not the least curious among the latter being a map, showing the relative distribution of men and monkeys upon the surface of the globe, and the curious resemblance which may be traced between the simious animals and the indigenous specimens of the human species. The tendency of the work is in favour of variety of species.

A Manual of Ancient Geography. By Dr. LEONARD SCHMITZ, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Black.

DESIGNED as a companion to Dr. Schmitz's "Manual of Ancient History," this volume supplies the geographical and ethnographical information required by the student in reading the Greek and Latin authors, and learning ancient history. The author has carefully avoided mixing it with modern geography; so that the usual confusion between the present and past, felt by students of other works on the same subject, is not experienced by the reader of this. It is not merely a book for the school—it should be in every library.

Rain and Rivers; or, Hutton and Playfair against Lyell and all Comers. By Colonel GEORGE GREENWOOD. Longman and Co.

COLONEL GREENWOOD attacks one by one the theories of Lyell, which assert the formation of the existing state of the earth's surface by causes now steadily in operation, and with the element of time to bring about the results. Colonel Greenwood, we presume, goes in for "the convulsion" theory. He has certainly a good deal to say against Lyell, if not so much to say for himself.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE subject of Convocation is one of so much importance that we are not sorry to have an opportunity of again bringing it under our readers' notice, availing ourselves of the following:—*Convocation and the Laity: a Letter to the Ven. Archdeacon Grant.* By FRANCIS HENRY DICKINSON, Esq. (London: Ridgway.)—Convocation, as our readers know, is not now quite the *caput mortuum* that it was a few years ago. "Can these dry bones live?" is a question that was often asked with respect to it, by some with a sneer, and by some in despair; but which can now be answered, if not quite so triumphantly as might be

desired, at all events in the affirmative. It does not start from out its cere-cloths a perfect man like Lazarus, but it has at least an organic existence—vital energies—and it is with regard to the proper direction of these that Mr. Dickinson addresses the Venerable Archdeacon. As a sincere friend of the Church, he congratulates it upon the freedom of debate which its Convocation at present enjoys. "But," says he, "if I look to what you have done, I see that, so far from working out your functions of a Synod, you have hardly got even so far as to prepare the heads of Bills affecting the Church; you have appointed committees who have drawn up able reports, which, for the most part, you have not discussed so as to come to any votes upon them. Simultaneously with this merely inchoate action of Convocation the two Houses of Parliament have been conducting their legislation for the Church just as if you never existed." But Convocation, as at present organised, can scarcely do more. Some say: "Then, why not reform it?" But this, says Mr. Dickinson, would be no easy task; and to the proposal of admitting a lay element he has several objections to make. His own scheme is to leave Convocation just what it is at present, and form an auxiliary body—call it an assembly or synod—of clergy and laity combined, whose duty it should be to prepare all measures to be submitted to Parliament, affecting the interests of the Church. "If such an assembly be created, Convocation, so far as its parliamentary duties are concerned, may still be an assembly to watch and advise—functions which it can perform now very nearly as well as if it were reformed. These functions do not depend on its being a representative body, but on a certain personal competency of the principal members of it—such as I think is generally admitted, and of which there is likely to be no failure." Such an assembly, Mr. Dickinson thinks, ought to meet in the autumn, so as to be ready with its several measures against the meeting of Parliament; while for the place of meeting some central spot, perhaps Oxford, might be selected. Into the details of the composition of this assembly we have not space to enter. Neither do we altogether approve of Mr. Dickinson's plan; but we put it before our readers as one emanating from a sincere friend of the Church—one who knows her strength and her weakness, who can look at difficulties without being appalled, and who does not expect immediate great effects from small beginnings. We must also commend the writer's candour and the exemplary manner in which he strives to reconcile differences among the several parties in the Church. The following extract will illustrate what we mean, and with it we shall conclude our notice of Mr. Dickinson's pamphlet:—"There will always be some who look more to personal piety; others whose thoughts are rather directed to the prosperity of the Church as a community; some whose minds have a Catholic, some a National tendency, while others will be even more limited in their views; some whose leaning is more towards faith or towards reason, to authority, or to independence. High and low, broad and narrow, ascetic and lax, contemplative and practical, must always be among us. And in a community where the wheat and tares are to grow together, these peculiarities must lead men into their corresponding faults. But after such precautions as can be taken against idleness, superstition, unbelief, pride, and so forth, it is surely best that thought should develop itself freely, and the better tendencies of all men be guided to the good of the Church; for there is not one of these apparent opposites which, rightly understood, has not good at the bottom of it. It will tend to better things if men of very different views are led to meet together, to regard one another with less distrust than heretofore, and gradually to respect and love each other, while they are careful to remove abuses, and all that hinders the free and harmonious action of the Church."

A Question concerning the Basis of Faith. Are the Scriptures throughout, or only in part, the inspired Word of God? discussed in three Lectures, delivered in Rushmore-road Chapel, Manchester. By ALEXANDER THOMSON, M.A. (London: Whittaker and Co.) This new work on the subject of inspiration would scarcely have made its appearance were it not for the excitement created in Manchester and its neighbourhood by the (so-called) advanced views of Dr. Davidson. That there is a great gulf between Dr. Davidson and the present author, our readers will at once see, when we inform them that the latter is an advocate of the verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture. Plenary inspiration, he contends, must mean verbal inspiration if it means anything. Considerable difficulty, according to the author, has arisen from people confounding revelation with inspiration, in judging of this subject. Granting that God "chose from time to time certain persons, whom he qualified to be the interpreters of his mind to the race at large," in what way did he make his will known? "We are required," he says,

"to distinguish a twofold action of the Divine Spirit on these men—first, as exerted in the process of revelation, admitting of great variety in modes and in degrees of knowledge; and, secondly, as put forth in sustaining and regulating the utterance of their message in words, which we may term inspiration, strictly so called." Hence, he argues, "a little reflection will convince us that, while revelation by the Spirit varied in its degrees and its modes, the inspiration which related to the language must have been uniform. This appears from the object which it was meant to secure. That object was simply the correct and effective conveyance into human language of the mind of the Spirit, so that it should be fully and fairly expressed, without mistake and without ambiguity. Properly speaking, that object was either secured or it was not secured. There is no medium between these alternatives, and therefore here we cannot speak of degrees of inspiration. The prophet either delivered his message accurately, being miraculously to do so, or he delivered it imperfectly, being left to himself. The case stood either one way or the other; he was inspired in his official utterance, or he was not inspired; the Spirit of God was with his mouth, or it was absent. But, however it may have been as to the extent of his knowledge, we cannot, with regard to the expression of his message—and that is what now mainly concerns us—we cannot say, as to that, he was more inspired or less inspired; and to talk of his being partly inspired is an absurdity in terms." This is clearly put. The entire work, in fact, contains the best exposition and defence of the verbal inspiration theory that we have anywhere seen.

Essays on the Accordance of Christianity with the Nature of Man. By EDWARD FRY. (Edinburgh: Constable.)—These essays, seven in number, are "On the Fall of Man;" "On Pain, and its place in the Christian system;" "On the Receptivity of the Human Mind;" "On the relation between Theory and Practice;" "On Faith;" and "On Mysteries." There is nothing in them, either in form or substance, to justify their publication.

Gotthold's Emblems: or, Invisible Things understood by things that are made. By CHRISTIAN SCRIVER. Translated from the twenty-eighth German edition. By the Rev. ROBERT MENZIES. Second Series. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)—Books of emblems usually consist of quaint engravings, with illustrative inscriptions, for the most part in verse. Here, however, there are no engravings: the letter-press is everything. There is an emblem for each day in the year, and very beautiful as well as quaint some of them are. The following may serve as an example:—"Gotthold had seen a mother sitting and giving her child the breast, and was devoutly musing on the subject, when he received a visit from a friend. Come, said he to this person, and I will show you a miracle; and, forthwith conducting him into the apartment, he pointed to the mother and the child. "Do you call that a miracle?" asked the friend. "Yes," rejoined Gotthold, not one, but many combined. First, there is the infant itself, whose formation in the womb by the Divine hand is a miracle of omnipotence, wisdom, and goodness. Secondly, there is the mother's breast, which God has filled with delicious milk, combining the elementary ingredients of all the various kinds of meat and drink, and designed for the use of the tender babe, who continually finds in it nourishment both to allay his hunger and gratify his taste. It is the little suckling's wine-cellar and pantry, and a fortune better to him than silver and gold, pearls and precious stones. The third miracle is the mother's heart, which the all-wise Creator has connected with the breast, in order, so to speak, to warm, sweeten, and flavour the milk with love. As the breast must never want milk, so must the heart never want deep and inexhaustible affection. Reflect on the care, hardship, trouble, watching, and toil which a mother must endure before her child can call her mother; and then say if it be not a miracle of Divine love, that she joyfully overcomes it all, and, despite her sufferings, so tenderly loves and fondly caresses her offspring. God works thousands of miracles of this kind, if ungrateful men would but mark and acknowledge them." So far, this is only a meditation; but the emblem follows:—"Yes, God himself is the nursing mother of the universe—that is, the author and preserver of all things; and an old ecclesiastical writer calls the Lord Jesus his maternal breast, because of his fullness we all receive grace for grace, and from his sacred wounds imbibe consolation for our souls," &c. We shall make no apology for the length of this extract, since both the thought and expression are such as would have done honour even to Richter.

My Parish; or, the Country Parson's Visits to his Poor. By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, A.M. Second Series. (London: Shaw.)—The motto on the title-page of this work very happily indicates the nature of its contents. It is from Crabbe:

The years revolve, and I again explore
The simple annals of my village poor.

Mr. Bouchier is an exemplary member of our working clergy—one who not merely preaches the good tidings from the pulpit, but who loves to mix with the poorer members of his flock, to joy with them in their joys, and comfort them in their griefs. The present volume, like its predecessor, consists of a series of tales, illustrative of his experience. One of them, "The Convict," is in verse, and is a very touching story.

Wise to win Souls. A Memoir of the Rev. Zephaniah Job, by SARAH S. FARMER (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), contains a notice of the life and labours of a zealous Wesleyan minister. Mr. Job, according to his biographer, was as nearly as possible a perfect man; for she sums up his character as follows: "In him the grace of God had won a complete victory; and the prying eye of fault-finding men could detect no flaw in his Christian character, no failure in the fulfilment of his religious obligations."

A Confirmation Manual, edited by the Rev. CHARLES HINXMAN (London: Hope), appears to be well adapted to the purpose it is intended to serve. It contains an address to catechumens, followed by a collection of prayers, some of which are taken from Bishop Andrews's devotions and other sources.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

My last Cruise; or, Where we Went, and What we Saw: being an Account of Visits to the Malay and Loochoo Islands, the Coasts of China, Formosa, Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, and the Mouth of the Amoor River. By A. W. HABERSHAM, Lieut. U.S. Navy, and late of the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 8vo. pp. 507. 1857.

If the statistics of the causes of shipwreck throughout the world were annually compiled and investigated, the landsman would probably be not a little astonished on being informed of the result. He would find that the great proportion of loss of vessels at sea is caused, not by the violence of the winds and waves, but by the inaccuracy of the charts on which the mariner has relied for his guidance and safety. Great as the improvement has been in this branch of scientific knowledge within the last quarter of a century, there is yet ample scope for future inquiry. There are coasts of which we have no charts at all; currents in the sea, with whose strength and direction we have no acquaintance; enormous tracts of the earth's surface yet to be investigated; and whole tribes, with whom we have very imperfect if any knowledge, yet to be visited and civilised.

All these and other kindred considerations had for some time been forced on the attention of the American Government; and at length, in the summer of 1853, the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition was despatched on a long and perilous cruise that lasted upwards of three years. The principal objects desired to be attained in this voyage were—to test the correctness of existing charts; to prepare others of any coasts that may be discovered; to ascertain the force, depth, and direction of the ocean currents; to investigate the customs and habits of the wild tribes and half-civilised nations dwelling on the confines of the Arctic regions; and generally to collect data from unfrequented regions of the globe for the advancement of science.

This expedition sailed on the 21st of June, 1853, from the port of Norfolk, U.S., under the command of Capt. Ringold, and consisted of the five following vessels: the sloop of war Vincennes, flag-ship, of 800 tons, and some two hundred men; the screw-steamer, John Hancock, of 530 tons, and seventy men; the brig of war Porpoise, of 400 tons, and seventy men; the schooner Fenimore Cooper, of 88 tons, and twenty men; and, lastly, the store-ship John Kennedy, of 520 tons, and forty men. On board the last-named vessel sailed Lieut. Habersham, the author of the volume before us. The first four of these vessels proceeded to Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, *via* the Island of Madeira, while our author's ship touched at the Cape de Verde Islands, on her way to the same destination. They all joined company again on the 20th of September, at the extreme end of Southern Africa, and were expecting to continue their voyage, when, much to their disgust, it was announced that every vessel of the squadron, with the exception of the Fenimore Cooper, was out of repair, and, in fact, utterly unseaworthy. All these repairs were undertaken at once with the greatest diligence; but so much was required to be done, and so difficult was it to procure skilled workmen and proper material at the port, that it was not until the 9th of November that all was

completed, and the squadron once more ploughing the blue water. The Hancock and Cooper sailed for Batavia, while the Vincennes and Porpoise proceeded to Hong Kong, *via* Australia. Our author's sailing directions were to proceed in the Kennedy to Batavia, and thence accompany the two first-named vessels to the Straits of Gaspar, survey them, and then join the other ships at Hong Kong. While anchored off Simon's Town, our author's attention was excited by a singular phenomenon that frequently appeared both in the harbour and in the bay. The whole surface of the water would become covered at times with a frothy variously-coloured substance, green, gold, and purple, by day; and at night so brilliantly phosphorescent that when the waves lifted up their lambent crests in all directions the effect was inconceivably grand. The passage to Batavia was principally marked by an encounter with a terrific "cyclone," which did the vessel considerable injury, but not to such an extent as to prevent her reaching the island of Java without further mishap on Christmas-day 1853. Our author describes his first view of the coast of Java as presenting a very beautiful and luxuriant appearance—a low undulating country, backed by the blue mountains of the interior, and fronted by dense groves of the cocoa-nut, mangosteen, and banana. Lieut. Habersham is, we suspect, rather a gourmet when ashore, though able to "rough it" with any "old salt" when necessity requires. The recollection of these fruits quite puts him into a state of rapture; but this is what he says of the mangosteen:—

Reader, have you ever eaten a mangosteen? It is by far the most delicious fruit in the world. It puts the cheramoya of Peru to the blush, and doesn't show strawberries and cream the shade of a chance. It is worth living in the East to eat a mangosteen!

However, the delights of the mangosteen could be enjoyed but for a few brief hours. The next day the ship sailed from Java for Batavia, where she arrived the following noon. Gaspar Straits, through which nine-tenths of the world's trade with China passes, were reached on the 10th of January 1854; and, as they had never been properly surveyed, were rife with a thousand dangers, and known to be washed by strong and variable currents, the first serious business of the expedition began. Accordingly, the work of surveying the Straits commenced immediately; and, despite fearful storms of wind and rain and encounters with sharks, snakes, and tigers, it was completed in the most satisfactory manner by the 15th of May. We have not space to give more than the general results; but these were, that the charts for the most part were grossly inaccurate; that dozens of rocks and shoals were discovered where all the charts gave safe water, and blue water found where all the charts gave rocks and shoals. Evidences too of the most unscrupulous fraud and rascality on the part of ship-masters towards the underwriters were brought to light, of which the pages of Mr. Habersham's book give one remarkable instance. During the four months occupied in this important work, many adventures were met with, some amusing, some exciting, and others full of peril to life and limb. Indeed, on this subject of adventures, our only difficulty is, that we hardly know how to deal with such an *embarras des richesses* as we have in the work before us. One succeeds another without the least flag in interest and excitement, and all are told with such graphic power of description, and narrated in such free vigorous language, that the attention of the reader is kept on the *qui vive* of expectation from beginning to end. Mr. Habersham says, though the scenes he thus vividly depicts may seem coloured by the excitement of feeling consequent on his having personally shared in all their perils and anxieties, yet is the colouring honest, the narrative strictly faithful, and not an incident recounted that is not literally matter of fact.

The next place of importance at which our author stopped, and where a reunion of the exploring squadron was once more effected, was Hong Kong. Here a grand conference of officers was held, and many changes effected. Capt. Ringold, from his bad health, was compelled to return to the United States, and the command of the expedition devolved on Lieut. Rodgers. The experience of our author at Hong Kong quite confirmed the accounts we have so lately received of the utter disregard of human life among the Chinese. It was no uncommon spectacle to see the headless bodies of men who had been de-

capitated either by the mandarins or rebels tied together by the feet, and cast into the river to save the expense or trouble of burial. For days they might be seen drifting to and fro with the tide like any useless barrel or water-logged piece of driftwood. Indeed such is the value of life in China, that Mr. Habersham says it is no uncommon thing for a person to take the place of the condemned, provided the latter pays a stipulated sum to the relatives of the self-offered victim.

Macao and Canton were next visited, and at the last-named city our author was induced to accompany several other officers of the expedition to the execution-yard, in which it is no exaggeration, he says, to assert that heads may be seen weekly—nay, sometimes daily—to fall by the hundred. A vivid but revolting description is given of the horrors there witnessed, while the callous executioner strides over and among the bleeding trunks, kicks a human head out of his way here, steps into a pool of blood there, and sweeps his dripping sword over the head of the next whose turn has arrived to suffer. Men and women, children, age and ugliness, youth and beauty, suffer without distinction. So many heads have been ordered to fall, and the number must be completed. If there are not prisoners sufficient, a company of troops is dispatched to seize the first dozen or twenty countrymen whom fate throws in their way, and the next morning they are kneeling in the slaughter-yard awaiting the fatal stroke. When the month of September arrived, our author's vessel received orders to proceed to Shanghai *via* the river Min, and take advantage of all opportunities for making surveys. The Vincennes and the Porpoise were to survey around the Bonin, Loo-choo, and Japanese Islands; the Old John and the Cooper were to sail first, and all the vessels were to rendezvous at Hong Kong in the spring of 1855. Accordingly, early in September, the Kennedy sailed for Shanghai, taking the Cooper in tow, and leaving the Vincennes and Porpoise quietly at anchor. The latter was never seen again by Mr. Habersham or his crew. All that is known is that she was lost soon afterwards; but a sad mystery hangs over her fate, which has never yet been cleared up. After a continuance of equinoctial gales of a most severe character, the Kennedy arrived at the mouth of the river Min with her top-gallant masts all gone, and her bowsprit broken short off. Her consort suffered comparatively but little. With some difficulty a pilot was found to steer the two vessels thirty-four miles up the river, as far as the great and hitherto slightly-known city of Fou-chow-foo. We have an admirable account of the magnificent scenery in the vicinity, as well as of the famous granite bridge and ruined temple. This bridge is one oblong mass of apparently solid granite, with square holes cut at regular intervals, to permit the flow of the four-knot tide, and with shops and booths of every description upon it, from one end to the other, built upon the up-river half of the bridge's surface, while the lower half is given to the thousands who daily cross it. Such bridges are not built now; they were erected by the architects who raised the pagodas. The river at this bridge is 2000 feet wide, and there is an island near its south bank, over which the bridge passes. The sportsman and naturalist will be much interested by the description Mr. Habersham gives in this chapter of the fishing cormorants, whose marvellous skill and submission to discipline are such as to make them as useful to their Chinese master as the dog is to the English huntsman. While remaining at anchor off Fou-chow, our author lost one of his best friends and most esteemed messmates in the death of Lieut. St. George Hunter, who was carried off in the flower of early manhood by the disease of the country. A succession of adverse winds prevented the Kennedy and the Cooper from reaching Shanghai so soon as they had anticipated; and, when they did so, they found the Pekin party awaiting their arrival with the most intense anxiety. However, no time was lost in consequence of the delay; and the several ships sailed the next morning, with the commissioners, for the Pi-ho river. The Yellow Sea was crossed in gallant style; the vessels anchored safely in sight of the mouth of the Pi-ho, and sent in the smaller boats. But the intended negotiation proved abortive, and an attempt was made to reach Pekin by water, but failed; and so, in disgust, the ships' heads were once more turned in the direction of Shanghai. Disasters seemed destined

to follow the expedition for awhile. Mr. Habersham was now on board the Hancock, or the "Old John," as the sailors termed the crazy old steamer, and on the return voyage to Shanghai a storm was encountered during the latter part of November, which in severity exceeded any that had yet been experienced. The whole is capably told, and the critical moment, "the sea that struck us on the quarter," is illustrated by a very spirited engraving. When the steamer at last reached Shanghai, she was so injured as to be obliged to be put into dock for repair, and the year 1856 had begun before she was again fit for service. Her first duty was to hasten to the relief of an English vessel in the Wan-chew River, which the merchants of Shanghai represented to have been attacked by a piratical squadron. A most praiseworthy readiness for action was evinced by the officers and crew of the "Old John;" but when they arrived at the spot indicated they found that the pirates had retired and the English ship gone to sea some days before. Mr. Habersham gives a very amusing account of the "sensation" which the steamer created among the crowds of astonished Chinese who lined the banks of the Wan-chew River to see, for the first time in their lives, a vessel sailing head to wind and current without any apparent propelling power. Formosa and Loo-choo were next visited by our author, and afterwards the Anakinna group of islands, where, in one of his perilous surveying expeditions, Mr. Habersham narrowly escaped breaking his neck while attempting to scale some heights composed of crumbling earth and loosely-rooted bunches of grass. We wish we could afford space for the account our author gives of this fearful incident, for it is in power and interest one of the best we ever read; but, limited as we are, we cannot resist giving the crisis of the story as a specimen of Mr. Habersham's vigorous and graphic style. Accompanied by two brother officers, named Rose and Burke, he had ascended one height successfully, but, that accomplished, found from the sandy and treacherous nature of the soil that he could not get higher, and, what was worse, from the earth having given way beneath him, there seemed no possibility of returning to level ground again. What was to be done? Mr. Habersham shall tell us in a narrative, that he may well entitle

THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

I thought, having only one hand at liberty wherewith to steady myself, I should do better along the rocky edge of a neighbouring ravine; but, after some little time, the projecting footholds of rock became less frequent, and their places were taken up by the crumbling earth and loosely-rooted bunches of grass. Still, as there now remained but eight or ten feet between me and a bed of rocks from which the ground sloped off quite safely, I determined to trust to the light soil for a partial support to my foot, hoping to sustain much of my weight from a more healthy-looking bunch of grass, whose roots felt quite solid under my grasp. It was a fatal mistake! The earth gave way entirely under my cautious foot. I tried to recover myself when too late, and was left with my whole weight suspended from the grass. Should that also fail me, I should slide helplessly into the rugged and apparently fathomless fissure, which was now just midway between me and the bed of rocks which formed one of its broken sides. There was no time to think, either, for at any moment the roots might draw, and then—what? . . . A bodily leap was a most disagreeable alternative; but I had either to accomplish it or finally slip, from sheer exhaustion or the uprooting of the grass, into the fissure that was under me. . . . About this time Rose asked me if I could not jump between two of the bayonet-like rocks; but I thought such a feat extremely improbable, and continued my occupation of getting up a certain amount of friction between myself and the mountain. I hung in this way probably as much as a minute, listening to Rose's suggestions, and feeling far from comfortable. I felt what was to be done, but revolted from the idea. . . . As last I was helped to action in a most unpleasant way. My right hand grasped the bunch of grass, and before making the leap I must take it in my left, as the fissure was to my right. Cautiously I commenced the exchange, watching the straining fibres with an anxious eye, and keeping my muscles braced for the jump, should they fail me before I was ready. Just then I caught the sullen glare of two other eyes—sullen and leaden, and yet bright and sparkling also with alarmed rage. They belonged to the flattened head of an ugly-looking snake, whose sinuous body and uplified front indicated an active readiness for either flight or attack. I gazed and shuddered. I shudder now as the mind's eye returns to those flaming specks of rage which flashed their light within a foot of my nerveless hand. I looked back to the commencement of time, and read the truth of Holy Writ in their

expression of deadly hostility. After a lifetime of hesitation and unbelief, I ceased to hesitate, and believed that God was God, and that I was but dust. The prayer of extreme peril, "Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner!" struggled in my troubled heart, and nerved me to the desperate leap. . . . It was over! The very edge of the fissure received me on its shelving side, bruised, panting, weak as an infant, and yet with whole bones and safety. It seemed as if the strength of a dozen men had rushed through my frame, and thrown me bodily from the glaring eyes of that lifted crest, leaving me with the cold drops upon my brow, and a sickening feeling of overtaxed muscle throughout my limbs. Slowly I regained my feet, rubbed my bruised side with half-numbed hands, looked back for the now absent snake, and at the friendly clump of grass, whose torn and drooping blades gave ample proof of the service they had rendered; and, as I picked my way through the bayonets and thick undergrowth, silently vowed never again to volunteer for an exploring and surveying expedition round the world.

The above extract is sufficient to prove the life-like vigour of our author's style of writing. He possesses a free hand, a firm broad pencil, and clear well-toned colours—three indispensable requisites to the man who would excel as an artist in "word-painting."

While surveying the Anakinna group of islands, many similar scenes to that which we have just given formed rather alarming drawbacks to the pleasure experienced by Mr. Habersham and his friends; but, on the other hand, interest and excitement never flagged for a moment. Some little time was spent in the Japanese city of Nappa, and a very amusing account is given of the scene in the market-place, and the sensation caused by the appearance of the American strangers. On quitting this station our author's ship was ordered to the Japanese island of Jesso, while the Cooper was to survey the west coast of the great island of Nipon, the Vincennes and Hancock surveying its eastern shores. Before reaching that port many islands lying in the path from California to China, hitherto unexplored, were surveyed, and one active and several extinct volcanoes discovered. Mr. Habersham devotes several chapters to a thorough examination of the geography and inhabitants of Japan and its dependencies; and gives every possible information he could obtain, either from his own experience or that of others on whom he could rely, of the singular habits and customs which characterise the Japanese races. Many excellent engravings illustrate this portion of the book, and lend it additional interest and value. As a people, the Japanese must be considered, Mr. Habersham says, "in anything but a favourable light: they are deceitful and treacherous, brutal, and cowardly. Insolent tyranny to their inferiors is the characteristic of the upper ranks; and fawning servility that of the lower."

On the 24th of July the western coast of Kamtschatka was sighted, and the work of surveying again began with redoubled vigour. The whole region was thoroughly examined, and the results, as before, proved that the best charts were dangerously incorrect; so much so, that actually, on one occasion, the ship's position (on the chart) was found to be some distance *in-shore*. This, of course, was regarded in the light of a most innocent shipwreck, and enjoyed accordingly. When this took place the vessel was in lat. 58° 40' N., and long. 158° 43' E., the beach bearing away from north-east to south-west, and distant five miles. Many similar shipwrecks were subsequently experienced; and on one occasion our author found himself upon the side of an extinct volcano, that was actually *more than sixty miles from the sea*. So much for the reliance to be placed even on the most esteemed charts of that coast! As the survey was made of these unknown regions, good care was taken to obtain and preserve not only specimens of natural history from the hills and beach, but from the bottom of the sea also; and for this latter work two species of "patent leads" were used, one for comparatively shallow, the other for deep sea, sounding. The latter, on one occasion, brought up a small cupfull of sand and mud, from the enormous depth of 3500 fathoms!

The highest northern latitude reached by the expedition was 61° 20' N., in the Gulf of Penguins, along the western coast of Kamtschatka; but, from the unfavourable weather that ensued, the vessels were compelled to turn again to the southward, and retrace their way as far as the edge of the Okotak Sea, where they stretched across the mouth of the double gulf for the east coast of "Siberia the frozen," upon sighting which the surveying work immediately recommenced.

While so engaged, an adventure was encountered which at one time seemed to threaten certain destruction to the author's ship, and every soul on board. Unwittingly the steamer steered one night into the centre of one of those fearful currents against which Mr. Habersham had been so often warned by old (but as he thought marvellously) whaling captains. Despite every effort made by steam and sails, the current proved irresistible, the steamer was borne slowly backward, and nothing appeared to be able to avert one of two results equally fatal, viz., either that she must be swallowed up in the boiling whirlpool of the immense and yawning cavern which loomed before her, and the darkness of whose awful depths no eye could penetrate, or else that she must be dashed to pieces upon the sharp rocks of the sunken reef, by the raging waves which swept over them. The whole description of these hours of peril is painted most vividly. Indeed the chapter devoted to it (Chap. XIX.) is to our mind one of the very best in the whole book, and nothing but its great length prevents our quoting it. In graphic force and picturesque narrative Mr. Habersham, in his sketches of naval scenes and adventures, not unfrequently reminds us of the best style of his countryman, Fenimore Cooper. How the crazy old steamer escaped the fearful danger that threatened her, we must leave our author to tell, and refer the reader to his exciting pages. It would completely spoil the story to curtail it, and we have not space, as we have said already, for any more quotations.

Ola, Armen, Tealins Island, and many other Siberian settlements were also visited, in the course of which work the serious business of surveying was diversified by bear-hunting and other sporting adventures. For a first-rate specimen of this kind of writing we would commend to the attention of every sportsman and lover of natural history, the conflict between the "great Siberian bear" and our author and his companions, told with so much spirit in Chap. XXII.

When the last day of August 1855 arrived, the "Old John" was standing boldly in, under full press of sail and steam, for the port of Ayau on the Siberian coast; for, though coal was scarce, it could be well afforded now, as all on board knew they were coming to "a city whose streets they were told were lit with gas," and where coal at any rate must be abundant. The accounts received of this depot of the Russian Fur Company were found, however, to have been highly overcoloured. Ayau was little more than a collection of some fifty or sixty log houses, compactly put together, to guard against the excessive cold of the winters, and of various plans and dimensions. The roofs were all painted red, without a single exception; the walls were of huge pine-logs, smoothly planed, and made to fit one over the other like the bowls of spoons. All the houses were but of one story, but of such extent that many of them covered an enormous extent of ground. The fear of the allies had driven the governor and his family into the country, but the American officers were hospitably entertained by the other authorities of the town. Great complaints were made to our author of the conduct of the captain and officers of H.M.S. Sibyl, for which we hope there is not the foundation that Mr. Habersham believes to exist. It seems that the retreating governor, with rare politeness, left orders that his house and billiard-table should be placed at the disposal of the Allied officers. The French behaved very well, according to our author's informant; but the officers of the Sibyl marched off with all the balls and cues of the billiard-table that they could lay their hands on. Now, Ayau is not the property of the Czar, but the depot of the Russian Fur Company, as we have said already; and, as the Governor's house was private property, everything in it should have been respected. However, we hope, if the story be true, it was done more for what in our younger days we should have called "a lark," than anything else. We have a capital account given us of a Russian dinner party; and, indeed, so hospitably were the United States officers treated during their sojourn at Ayau, that they stood a near chance—to use our author's expression—of being feasted to death by their jovial entertainers. The whaling chase, in which Mr. Habersham joined while at Ayau, and which he narrates so excitingly, is a fitting pendant to the Siberian bear hunt.

The Tschantar islands were the next seen after leaving Ayau, but only one was actually visited,

viz., Tekilyoff; but upon steaming round the others, they were found exhibiting the same general appearances: so in describing one you describe all. Their surface is covered with dense forests of spruce and birch; the ground is rather hilly, and watered by numerous clear streams, but not one single human being inhabits any one of them; and, what is rather remarkable, animal life of every description is extremely scarce, though the soil is very rich and fertile, and vegetation consequently luxuriant.

The first event of any importance that occurred after leaving the Tschantar group was the sighting of a sloop-rigged vessel, evidently bent on getting into shoal water, beyond the steamer's reach. A boat was lowered and dispatched to board the stranger, and shortly returned with her commanding officer, who came on board in high glee upon the discovery that the "Old John" was an American and not an English steamer. The steamer proved to be a Russian gunboat, that had run the gauntlet of the allied fleet at Petropolski, and had reached in safety the port of Petropski. Her captain spoke English very fairly, so no difficulty was found in the expression of mutual sentiments; and the American officers soon found themselves indebted to the Russians for such an amount of general information as to errors in charts, and other maritime matters of interest, as to save them probably many hard months' labour in collecting. They heard from their guest a full description of the manner in which the Russian squadron had escaped the Allies at Castrie's Bay, to do which they had to throw their guns, &c. overboard, put casks under their larger vessels, and were even then several weeks in working themselves into the river, so often was their progress interrupted by shoal water. They subsequently, however, recovered their guns by means of their boats.

On the 15th of Sept. 1855 Mr. Habersham commenced his homeward voyage, "feeling as only men can feel who have a hard cruise in their rear, and the sight of their native land and the joys of home in their front." The work at last was over, and the order given to steer for the longed-for haven of San Francisco. A year had elapsed without a solitary letter having reached our author or his crew. And what had been done during all this time? Bad charts without number had been corrected, the data for new ones obtained, and a continuous line of deep-sea and other soundings taken from ocean to ocean: in a word, the vessel had done what none ever did before—sounded round the world. After a succession of storms and "dirty weather," San Francisco was entered on the night of the 19th of October. The Vincennes and Cooper had arrived some little time before, and some of their officers boarded the "Old John" immediately to offer their congratulations, and tell the news of the last ten months.

And now for a very brief summary of what had been accomplished by the respective vessels composing the expedition. We have followed our author in the "Old John," as he loves to call the weather-beaten steamer he commanded, throughout his long and perilous voyage; and it only remains now to give an abstract of the courses taken by the other vessels since we last alluded to them. The Vincennes, after leaving the steamer at Hakodadi, had passed up along the coast of Asia, determining prominent points and headlands. She then entered Behring's Straits, where, on the peninsula of Yerguine, on the Asiatic coast, she left a party of ten persons for the purpose of making astronomical, magnetic, and other observations, to complete the survey of the Straits of Seinavine, and to investigate the natural history of the country. When the Vincennes sailed from this place for the north, she had on board but three months wood and provisions. To accomplish the survey during the limited period in which the Arctic Sea is open, the Vincennes went under full press of sail, exposed to all the dangers of icebergs, rocks, and shoals, until she reached Herald Island, attaining afterwards a higher point of latitude (72° 05'), than was ever before attained north of Eastern Asia, and disproving the existence of Wrangell's Land in the position assigned to it. All the portion of the Arctic ocean available for whaling purposes was also sounded and explored. But this was scarcely finished ere that scourge of seamen, scurvy, made its appearance alike among officers and crew; and when they were least able to encounter it, an obstinate gale from the east prevailed, and rendered it doubtful whether the ship could escape before

the rapidly gathering ice would imprison her. After weathering many heavy storms, she arrived, as we have seen, at last at San Francisco. But her work was not ended, though that of the Hancock and Cooper was happily completed. She sailed alone, continuing surveying and sounding on the route home, where she arrived in July 1856 from Otaheite, having made the quickest passage on record. The Cooper on the whole fared better than the rest of the squadron, though she was not without her share of "hair-breadth scapes," especially in surveying the rugged shores of the Aleutian islands.

Some notion may be formed of the extent of the collections made by the expedition, when it is mentioned that the naturalist who accompanied it, Mr. Stimpson, brought back with him nearly five thousand varieties of animal life—mostly marine—which were previously unknown to the scientific world.

It is to be hoped that ere long an official account of the cruise of the squadron, giving the full result of their important work, may be published for the future guidance and safety of the seamen of all nations. It will accomplish for the mariner all that the present highly interesting and popular narrative does for the general reader.

Mr. Habersham is another instance of that which we asserted not long ago, that some of the best writers of voyages and travels in the present day will be found in the naval and military professions. GLAUCUS.

Chow-Chow: being Selections from a Journal kept in India, Egypt, and Syria. By the Viscountess FALKLAND. In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Summer Months among the Alps; with the Ascent of Monte Rosa. By THOMAS W. HINCHCLIFFE, Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman and Co. WHAT is the meaning of *Chow-Chow*? The Viscountess Falkland explains it in her preface. The pedlars in India carry their wares from village to village in boxes and baskets; among the latter there is always one called the Chow-Chow basket, in which there is every variety of merchandise. The word Chow-Chow means "odds and ends."

Of course, it is the author's prerogative to choose a title; but we cannot think "*Chow-Chow*" a happy one. It is quaint, but it is not expressive or attractive. Readers do not desire the odds and ends of an author; they want his maturest thoughts, his choicest language, the best and newest things he has to say, and in the aptest words he can find. He writes, or at least he prints, to please others, and they are entitled to all that genius and labour can bestow upon the communication to which he invites them to give time and thought. What should we say to a man who should fling his waste-paper basket at our feet, crying Help yourself. Yet is this what the Viscountess Falkland proposes to do, when, under the Indian name of "odds and ends," she offers to the world of readers her Chow-Chow basket.

But she has done injustice to herself; her volumes are not the scrap books she calls them. They are reminiscences very neatly and even artistically put together in an almost continuous narrative of a residence in the East. She gives a somewhat detailed and always lively picture of Bombay and the Deccan, and of the society that pants there. Passing from India to Egypt, she describes Cairo and the Nile, crossing the Desert to Jerusalem, and proceeding as far as Damascus. This route, indeed, is well traversed; it has been the theme of countless volumes; little novelty of subject could be looked for: but, as everybody sees things from his own point of view, the same object will present itself in a new aspect to a fresh comer; hence it is that all observant travellers are enabled to invest the most familiar places with an air of novelty, and to amuse us—and inform us too—on subjects which we had supposed to be already thoroughly known. The Viscountess Falkland is observant; she looks at things with her own eyes, and describes them as she sees them; and consequently, familiar as are the things themselves, she invests them with an interest that will make her volumes popular. Extracts will best exhibit her manner and the character of her book.

A NATIVE SCHOOL AT BOMBAY.

This school is of long-standing, and is in all respects an admirable institution. The children admitted into it are all half-castes—many are orphans, and some foundlings. They receive a very good education; and, *hitherto*, have not been over-educated,

merely learning what will be necessary for them when they go forth into the world. In all the various *ologies* which could be of no possible use to them they are not instructed. They have, in the first place, as a groundwork, without which all their learning would be of little use, a sound religious and moral training; and I hear it is of rare occurrence that in after life they disappoint their benefactors by ill conduct. The children enter the school when very young. The girls remaining either till they marry, or are engaged as attendants on European ladies. The boys, when old enough, become clerks in Government offices, or tailors, or butlers and valets to European gentlemen. The matrimonial arrangements for the girls are somewhat peculiar; but, having always been the same, and having been sanctioned for many years by the heads of the clergy of the diocese and the ladies-patronesses, I conclude they are not (taking into account the peculiar circumstances and exigencies of society here) to be deemed unbefitting, though they must strike a stranger at first as very singular. Should a European or a half-caste in the middling rank of life desire to find a wife, the mistress of this establishment being apprised of his wishes, he is invited to her tea-table, where she has taken care that several of her pupils of fitting age shall be present. From among these dark beauties, the aspirant selects one for his help-mate, and making known his choice to the governess, he is at once accepted (of course with the consent of the girl and that of the committee of ladies belonging to the school) if on inquiring into his character he is found to be respectable. All, however, who go to the above tea-parties are not equally pleased with the appearance of the young ladies, for I heard of a sergeant in a regiment who, when asked by his captain if he had made his choice, replied: "Lor! sir, no; they ain't got no 'air on their 'eads!" The girls are certainly singularly plain, their complexions being of all kinds of neutral tints and shades of yellow; their hair is cut short; their dress is one of the greatest simplicity, and so scanty that they would find no difficulty in entering a pew at Byculla church.

Let us turn to

AN INDIAN GARDEN.

The flower-garden, though not large, was tastefully laid out; and a terrace at the end of it, having mango trees on one side, and a large piece of water on the other, rendered it a pleasant walk in the evening. Along the sides of all the walks of this garden are stone channels, into which the water runs from the wells, and thence into the beds of plants and flowers, which for a time stand in a refreshing pool. The trees were all new to me, especially a teak (*Tectona grandis*) with its last year's foliage, the large leaves being very much "the worse for wear." At the end of the garden were superb mango trees, so famous for their delicious fruit, that comes into season in April, but, unfortunately, only lasts till June. I have met with some persons who do not like the mango, but they are "few and far between." It is perfection—you do not wish it larger nor smaller, nor is it too sweet or too sour. When you have eaten one, it is enough; but a second is by no means too much. The flavour combines that of the melon, apricot, and strawberry. The blossom is beautiful, the rind has tints of green, red, and orange. It must have been the fruit which tempted Eve, and that weak man, Adam, who afterwards threw all the blame on his poor wife. Near me was the Asoka,* which in spring bears beautiful red blossoms, many casuarinas with their light and graceful foliage being intermixed and contrasted with the broad leaves of various kinds of palms, among them the lofty *Caryota urens*,† and the traveller's palm, from which a watery juice is extracted, and the broad leaves of which grow in a complete fan-like form; the beauty of the whole scene being enhanced and enlivened by the brilliant-coloured turbans worn by the native servants belonging to the establishment of the "burra sahib."‡

One of the pests of India is

THE BLISTER-FLY.

The rain having ceased, great numbers of blister-flies flew into the ball-room, and a scene followed I never can forget. These insects often alight upon persons without their being aware of it, and should any one unwittingly crush one on their face or neck, a large blister instantly rises, and causes considerable

* This tree is sacred to Mahadeva (Siva). In some places in India it is more esteemed than at others. At Brahmputra the women bathe in some holy stream with the blossoms floating in it. The Hindoos say that the contact of the stem of the Asoka tree with the foot of a woman of superior beauty is supposed to make it blossom. This tree is often alluded to in "Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindoos," translated by Mr. Wilson. In the "Toy Cart," Maitreya says, describing a garden: "And here the Asoka tree, with its rich crim-on blossoms, shines like a young warrior bathed in the sanguine shower of the furious fight."

† The late Mr. Graham, author of a catalogue of the plants growing in Bombay and its vicinity, remarks, that this tree is the most ornamental of the whole tribe, with its long pendulous clusters of dark-red, succulent, acid berries. The pith of this tree yields a species of sago, and the sap, or toddy, is in common use in the Deccan, for the purpose of yeast for raising or fermenting bread. Mr. Graham died at an early age in India. He is buried at Candallah, in the Deccan, where I saw his grave. His work was one of much interest to me, containing a list of all the trees and plants I was in the habit of seeing daily.

‡ Great gentleman.

pain and inconvenience. On this evening there was a compete swarm of blister-flies. Some of these little tormentors climbed up into flounces, hid themselves in folds of net, visited the mysterious recesses of complicated trimmings; some crept up gentlemen's sleeves, others concealed themselves in a jungle of whisker, and there was something very attractive in a bald head, the owner of which, in removing the insect, was sure to blister his hand, or skull, or both. One heard little else all the evening, but "Allow me, sir, to take off this blister-fly, that is disappearing into your neck-cloth," or "Permit me, ma'am, to remove this one from your arm." This, however, did not stop the dancers, and they polked and waltzed over countless myriads of insects that had been attracted by the white cloth on the floor, which was completely discoloured by their mangled bodies at the end of the evening.

This is another.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

There is, indeed, a plague of flies by day and by night in the monsoon. In the day, there is a very small black fly, which well deserves the name of the "eye-fly." It is extremely annoying, hovers over one's eyelids, and while reading, one hand is constantly occupied in keeping off the persevering intruder. It is at dinner, however, that the insects are most tormenting. Attracted by the lights, they fly into the room in countless numbers. There is every variety. The long, graceful green mantis alights on the table, and begins stretching out its arms as in an imploring attitude. There are myriads of moths, with wings which seem made of delicate gold and silver tissue; some look inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There is a long, dark yellow hornet-shaped insect, with no end of joints, which makes you shudder as it flies by; blister-flies, with either ruby or emerald-coloured bodies; large beetles "armed to the teeth" in black, strong, shining armour, and with horns like formidable spears. These beetles are so strong, that, when placed under a wine-glass, they move it before them as they advance along the table. It is in vain the table servants endeavour to remove these plagues. As may be supposed, many flew into the candles, others into the finger-glasses. So great was the annoyance, that I fear it was with something like satisfaction we heard some crackling in the flame, or saw "some strong swimmer, in his agony," struggling in the water.

Here is another pleasant scrap, about

THE BIRDS OF THE DECCAN.

The tameness of some of the birds in India is very remarkable. The crows used to come and perch on the edge of the verandah, close to where I sat—perhaps even enter the windows, settle on the table, and if a cake, or piece of bread, were on it, carry it away. This they would do even when a person was in the room. The kitchen, in India, is usually detached from the family bungalow; and should a servant, when carrying a dish to the dining-room, happen to have his attention diverted for a moment from his charge, a crow will often swoop down and attack its contents. This reminded me strongly of the chief baker's dream, when he related that the birds ate the baked meats out of the basket on his head. Small birds were in the habit of building nests even in my sitting-room, and they frequently pecked bits of wood off a table and flew away with them to their nests. There is a large kite, which at all times of the year is a great enemy to little chickens, and some of these robbers are always to be seen hovering over the house. I must not forget the pretty green parrots, which are the wildest creatures I ever saw. At sunset, in the garden, they are more noisy than in the day; thousands settle on the mango-trees, shrieking and screaming, and it is only by the noise you know they are there, as it is next to impossible to distinguish them from the bright green leaves. The small grey squirrels are beautiful little animals, and very numerous in the Deccan. They are very sociable, sometimes impertinent, running in and out of the verandah, scrambling up and down the bamboo blinds, keeping up a merry, but sharp noise, almost like the chirp of a bird.

The effect of the rains following a long drought and excessive heats is described as extremely pleasant, especially in the gardens.

AFTER THE RAINS.

There are several detached bungalows, and an extensive garden, which, after the commencement of the rains, becomes daily more beautiful. Trees and plants seem to revive, creepers burst into blossom, running over large trees, and hanging in graceful festoons, or garlands, which are seen peeping through the thick foliage. Flowers petted in greenhouses in Europe are almost weeds here. But, although the gardens in India can boast of the gorgeous colouring of their flowers, it cannot be said in their case, that "round the happy soil diffusive odour flows," as it does from the commonest garden flower in Europe, especially in England; for, with the exception of the tuberose and jessamine, there are few plants in India that have a powerful scent. In Mr. Wilson's "Specimens of the Hindoo Drama," there are plays called "The Necklace," and "The Toy Cart," which he translated

from the Sanscrit, containing beautiful allusions to gardens in India. "The garden is now most lovely. The trees partake of the rapturous season, their new leaves glow like coral, their branches wave with animation in the wind, and their foliage resounds with the blythe murmurs of the bee. The bakula-blossoms lie around its root like ruby wine; the champaka flowers blush with the ruddiness of youthful beauty; the bees give back in harmony the music of the anklets, ringing melodiously as the delicate feet are raised against the stem of the asoka tree."

Look round the garden with these stately trees,
Which daily by the king's command attended,
Pat forth their fruits and flowers
And clasped by twining creepers, they resemble
The manly husband, and the tender wife.

All nature is more lively in the monsoon, and with the beautiful flowers come snakes, birds, white ants, blister-flies, and insects of all sizes and colour.

These extracts will recommend the Viscountess as an agreeable traveller, and her book as pleasant seaside reading.

Mr. Hinchcliffe takes us to Switzerland, which is not yet exhausted; for, departing from the regular tourist routes, he has explored the remoter parts, where no accommodations exist for any but active pedestrians, who care more for quantity than quality in the commissariat. He explored passes scarcely known by name to the thousands of visitors who yearly stream over Grindelwald and the Wengern Alps, such as the Strahleck in the Oberland, the Rawyl and the Col de Checrut, concluding with an ascent of Monte Rosa. As he is a practical traveller, has taken great pains to be correct in his facts, and is minute in his instructions for those who might feel inclined to follow in his track, we recommend all who contemplate a summer tour in Switzerland to put this volume into their knapsacks, to be studied on the spot. It will teach them much which otherwise they might not learn, and double the interest as well as the profit of the excursion. For the general reader there is not much to be gathered from these pages; but we take, as a specimen of the author's style, the concluding part of his account of the

ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA.

At last we came to the end of this crest, and found ourselves at the base of our last difficulty. Fancy the dome of St. Paul's magnified to about five times its actual size, slightly flattened on the top, and converted by the hand of a magician into a compact mass of rock, with a coating of ice and snow laid over it all except at the upper part, where jagged rocks protrude from the central substance through the icy crust. Fancy now a thin slice, broader at the bottom than at the top, where it becomes a mere rough edge, cut right out of the middle of the whole dome, and placed with the icy side towards you; and I believe you will have a tolerably faithful notion of the Höchste Spitze at the foot of which we now stood. We at once began climbing up this, and Peter's axe was hard at work for the greater part of the way, though occasionally a little temporary difference of incline gave us a sprinkling of snow to assist our footing; but, from the extreme general steepness, these exceptions lasted only for a few steps. Having climbed to the top of this icy part of the cone, we came to the last crest of rocks, and here the alpenstocks were deposited in a cleft; for in the final scramble, we were to have both hands free, and to be ready to hold on by our eyelids, as the sailors say, if necessary. From this point we had about half an hour of climbing and scrambling as well as we could along an ascending and irregular ridge of disconnected rocks, something like that which we had already passed lower down, interspersed with occasional ice-bridges, but containing a few "mauvais pas" even worse than those below. Sometimes we had to crawl up a rocky parapet, and then let ourselves cautiously down on the other side of it, till, while our hands yet clung to the rough red rocks, we could feel our feet firmly on a ridge of snow or ice, which was then in its turn passed in a few firm but hasty steps, with all the care we could take to avoid a fall, where, if the fallen one could not be held up by the others, he would, in all probability, be dashed to pieces. I have, however, already alluded to "ifs" and possibilities, and beg leave to discard them entirely, considering, as I do, that with a properly-conducted party of active men, the chances are immeasurably in favour of a safe conclusion to any excursion, however difficult or dangerous it may look. Sometimes, when the rock in front was too perpendicular to climb over by any means without a ladder, we were obliged to scramble round it by the side, feeling with the toes for a ledge or a crack an inch or two in width, and searching for a similar convenience for the hands higher up. At last we came to a larger and deeper hollow than the rest, where we had to descend a rough rocky wall for not less than twenty feet, I should think. Peter, however, without the least hesitation or apparent difficulty, scrambled down this awkward-looking place, fitting the tips of my toes into the best cracks he could find as I came down next to him, while I per-

formed the same service for Julien, who followed me. At the bottom was an ice-bridge; we crossed this, and then had a rough clamber for a few minutes up the opposite side of the gully. Taugwald is a surprisingly good climber; and, though he is almost as broad as he is long, his great strength and activity carried him up places of this kind at a rate which, in spite of the advantage of long arms and legs, gave me quite enough to do to keep up with him; and Julien, being no sort of match for him, was occasionally a great drag upon me. Directly he got even a few inches too far behind, of course I had the benefit of his weight upon my waist. In this last clamber up, his feet slipped when he was exactly under me, so that for a few moments I felt him hanging by the rope attached to my waist. Luckily, I had a good hold both with my hands and feet; so, half laughing and half entreating, I shouted to Peter to stop a moment, while I helped poor Julien to haul himself up and get a good footing: the whole work of the last hour had however considerably alarmed him, and his usually calm face looked more long and solemn than I should have thought possible. He had been with me on many a glacier expedition in the more immediate neighbourhood of Zermatt, and had always behaved like a good fellow: but he had never been as yet to the upper part of Monte Rosa, and seemed to find it more alarming than he had anticipated. A few more scrambling steps, only a few feet higher, and we gave vent to a shout of triumph; for the object of our ambition was attained, and we stood on the highest point, the Allerhöchste Spitze, of Monte Rosa. In a few minutes the rest of the party joined us, and then, guides and all, hat in hand, we let loose our full enthusiasm in a thundering cheer. The wind was still tremendously cutting, and it was impossible to remain long in the exposure of the topmost rocks; so we fell back upon our former tactics, and, carefully crawling down a short distance towards the south, we established ourselves on the flattest rocks we could find, leaving the enemy to howl and dash himself against the stones over our heads, while we enjoyed the full warmth of an unclouded sun in perfect tranquillity. Not a cloud defaced the gigantic panorama before us: the fair land of Italy commenced at our feet, and stretched far and far away till the view was only bounded by the obscurity of distance. Sitting at the very edge of the vast precipices which descend about 12,000 feet right down to the head of the Val d'Anzasca, we were at the end and extremity, as well as the summit, of the wild kingdom of rocks and snow; and a new world of verdure and cultivation was suddenly spread out before our eyes. The green plains of Lombardy and Sardinia, faintly tinged with blue by distance, and studded with innumerable towns and villages, some of which only looked like white specks of various sizes, fatigued the eye in the endeavour to comprehend their magnitude: all that we could do was to seize upon the most salient points of the picture, and fix them for ever on our minds. Comparatively in the foreground were the lakes of Maggiore, Lugano, and Como; for though the head of the latter is eighty miles in a direct line from Monte Rosa, it was not even dimmed by the haziness of distance: all around these beautiful lakes was fresh and verdant; and, as we looked at the somewhat long and narrow pond which we knew to be Lago Maggiore, it was indeed difficult to believe that the journey down its lovely surface was in reality about as long as that from London to Brighton. Lower down, and seemingly but a short distance from the foot of the lakes, was a city in which we thought we could perceive a shining white mound that we felt to be what Tennyson calls "a mount of marble, a hundred spires"—the far-famed cathedral of Milan. Turning slowly to the right, the eye passed over an immense extent of seemingly plain country, and took in almost at a glance the whole continental possessions of the King of Sardinia, with the vast chain of Alps stretching from Mont Blanc to the Mediterranean. This chain presented a very beautiful serrated outline, in which the higher tops of Mont Cenis and Monte Viso were conspicuous, and terminated abruptly at the southern extremity on the edge of the sea. I could not distinctly assert that we really saw the Mediterranean, for the distance is so enormous that it becomes impossible to distinguish the horizontal line which separates the sky from the water: but, judging from the perfect clearness with which we saw the very end of the Maritime Alps, and from the fact that the Apennines were not high enough to appear noticeable in the view, it is undoubtedly certain that our true horizon must have included part of the Gulf of Genoa, though the similarity of tint at so immense a distance made it impossible to say which was sky and which was water. Still turning farther to the right, a change came o'er the fashion of our dream: farewell to the fertile green and purple tinted plains of Italy! The Titans of the mountain world once more confront our sight; and here, close in front, separated from us by a vast gulf of snow crevassed into every fantastic variety of form, rises the nearest of them, the Lyskamm. Even while we were looking at it, there came the roar of a few hundreds of tons of ice thundering down its precipitous side, as if a great frozen giant had tumbled out of bed, and was waking the mountain echoes with his groaning.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Athelings; or, the Three Gifts. By the Author of "Zaidee." 3 vols. London: Blackwood.

Cuthbert St. Elme, M.P.; or, Passages in the Life of a Politician. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Brimelsea; or, Character the Index of Fate. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

Helen and Olga: a Russian Tale. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: A. Hall and Co.

Agnes Milbourne; or, "Foy pour Devoir." By Mrs. HUBBACK. 2 vols. Skeet.

THE *Athelings* has interested the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* for several months past, having appeared periodically in its pages. It is, therefore, known to, and probably has been read by, half the readers of fiction. To those who have not read it, or who may have done so imperfectly, we most heartily recommend it, now that it is published in a collected form. The *Athelings* has pleased us more than any of the authoress's previous novels; it is more complete in its plot, more highly finished in its composition, than either of its predecessors. The characters are conceived and supported with remarkable ability; there is rare invention in the story; the interest is sustained throughout, and the writing is more than commonly graceful. The gifted family are the son and two daughters of a head clerk to a London firm. The three gifts are—to the boy, manly self-reliance; to one of the girls, genius; and to the other, beauty. How these gifts bring to them a splendid destiny, such as is to be found in novels only, we request the reader to explore for himself; he will not be disappointed with the romance of it, for it does not pass the boundary of the possible, however improbable in these our times. But the recovery of his title by the young lord through the agency of "the big boy" Charlie, and the results to the young ladies, are not the most attractive parts of this story. More interesting by far, because more true, is the description of the family in its earliest scenes, before Agnes had published her book and obtained a name; and then the graphic picture of her first introduction to the literary world, the character of her patroness being drawn to the life, and we suspect from the life. All this Mrs. Oliphant has probably experienced, and hence the truthfulness which guided her pen. The Honourable Miss Anastasia is a character very well conceived and sustained, with less of romance and more of reality about her than either the old or the young lord, or even than the cold, stately clergyman. Agnes herself is natural, and contrasted with her beautiful sister so skilfully that our regards are equally divided between them, though themselves so opposite in character. We like, too, the sensible big boy, Charley, who is never out of keeping with himself, and who grows in wisdom before our eyes. We trust that the authoress will soon make *Blackwood* still more welcome than it is by commencing another novel there: she need not fear to be contrasted with Bulwer.

We had almost forgotten that we were in the nineteenth century while reading *Cuthbert St. Elme*. Secret societies, pass-words, oaths sworn on drawn daggers, mysterious monks, invisible agencies, and other machinery popular among the writers of an extinct school of novelists, are here revived, and made part of a story of our own time. Imagine a dialogue of which this is part.

The Priest.—Will ye risk your liberty, or face death?

Answer.—We will.

The Priest.—Will ye swear absolute devotion to the people, according to the Ausonian code, prepared by this association, consisting of fifty-nine articles?

Answer.—We will.

The Priest.—Will ye swear to punish traitors?

Answer.—We will.

The Priest.—No human feelings shall stay your hand in the cause of truth?

Answer.—None.

The Priest.—Should a mother throw herself on the body of a brother friendly to the oppressors, should a father pray, or a sister weep—(to each separately) thou wilt not stay thy hand?

A slight tremor ran through the line of candidates, but the answer was murmured by each: I would not stay my hand.

The Priest.—Though a mistress prayed and wept, were she leagued with the oppressors, ye would slay her, as though ye had found her faithless. (To each) Thou wouldst not stay thy hand?

Answer.—I would not stay my hand.

The Priest.—If thy wife, thy child, thy sister, thy

cousin, or thy dearest friends, be of the evil ones, they shall be to thee as a bitter enemy.

Answer.—A deadly foe.

"Pax vobiscum." "Et cum spiritu tuo."

Priest.—Death to tyrants. *Answer.*—Death.

Priest.—Death to Jesuits. *Answer.*—Death.

Priest.—Death to traitors. *Answer.*—Death.

Priest.—Obedience to the sacred family. *Answer.*—Obedience.

Priest.—Death to the disobedient. *Answer.*—Death.

And a good deal more in the same fashion, the initiation thus dramatically concluding:

The candidates rose from the kneeling posture. Placing his hand by turns on the dagger held by each of the candidates, the priest blessed the weapon. Then, following his lead, each took the oath prescribed by the republican formula.

As another specimen of the oddity of this novel, we copy an entire chapter, to wit

CHAPTER XXXVI.
THE UNIVERSAL GUEST.

The days followed each other, and the weeks. Then the summer's sun was shining, as Ida's spirit passed away.

We are not jesting; this is the whole of it.

Cuthbert St. Elme is not wholly political. His Parliamentary life forms, indeed, but a small part of the story; nor does this portion of it read as if the author had a personal acquaintance with his subject. It wants vitality and reality. The public characters are hazily drawn, as if from newspaper descriptions only. Nor, indeed, does the interest of the novel lie in that direction. Its best parts are those which have no connection with the letters at the end of the hero's name. Three distinct love-affairs mark his career; and the first, in which he is accepted and then cast off for another, and the subsequent fortunes of the lady, who in her turn runs away from her husband, is that which the majority of novel-readers will devour with far more eagerness than the political and semi-political adventures. The unreality of these will be understood when the reader is informed that Cuthbert, while yet a young man, turns out the Ministry by a speech, and defeats two Bills by a pamphlet, besides writing a novel which sets all the world wondering, and making an oration which lifts him suddenly from obscurity into fame.

Cuthbert St. Elme, the hero of this romance, has more character than is common to heroes. He travels about the world through the greater portion of the narrative, and this has afforded an opportunity for description of foreign places and peoples, with which the author appears to be familiar. The fault of the novel is the too frequent one of wordiness. The dialogues are needlessly expanded by the introduction of mere talk, that has no connection with the story, and does not help it forward—the sole purpose of dialogue being either to advance the plot or to exhibit character; and if it does not one of these, it is sheer impertinence. If all the irrelevant matter and redundant words had been eliminated, as they should have been on a careful revision of the MS. before it was sent to the printer, *Cuthbert St. Elme* would have been reduced to two volumes; but they would have told the same story more effectively, and kept the reader's interest more actively awake. We must confess that it flags occasionally. This novel is, we presume, a first appearance, and we suspect the writer to be young. If so he be, there is hope for him; he has given good promise, and with patient practice and careful training of his mind to the art of composition, he will probably become an accomplished writer. At present we have little more than the rude materials for one.

A Marquis of Montametz is the villain, Count Porskinski the unfortunate, Blanche the heroine, and Mr. Holford the hero, of *Brimelsea*. From this the practised novel-reader will anticipate the substance of the fiction. The villain comes to grief, deservedly; "being arraigned for high treason and murder, he was convicted and guillotined according to French law." The Count is got rid of by banishing him to Siberia. "But," says the tale, "he is not unhappy; he remembers his past life with pleasure, and two faces smile on him in his hour of pain." Blanche has refused a very faithful follower, Mr. Holford. "She was too faithful to ally herself to a man whom her own heart told her she did not love." "Why did she not love him?" asks the author. He answers his own question. "She was far above him in character and intellect. Her heart could only have been given to an equal; and, until touched by that all-engrossing passion, love, she will not marry, but will live on as now, peaceful and happy, working out for herself a line in life, and

striving, as much as lies in her power, to do good." How these results are brought about let the reader seek for himself in the volumes, which have at least the merit of brevity. The author seems to be a novice in the art of novel-writing, and this looks like a first appearance. Much practice will be required before the author masters his art. He has some of the substantial qualifications, but he wants many of the accomplishments. *Brimelsea* is only promise, not performance.

We congratulate the author of "Mary Powell" upon her abandonment of imitative fiction, and venturing at length to speak for herself. She produces *Helen and Olga* avowedly as her own work, written in the language of her own time. It is a Russian story, which we regret, for her powers are peculiarly adapted to the description of middle-class and rural life in England, of which she has some personal knowledge. We doubt if she knows anything of Russia save what she has gathered from books. The descriptions are carefully and even elaborately prepared; but they read as if they had been "got up," and not as if they were drawn from actual observation. It is precisely the difference which we all feel, though we could not explain in what it lies, between a story told by a man who has seen what he narrates and a man who is only repeating what he has read. As usual, there is a great deal of good writing; a plot, better than is commonly found in English fictions; some clever sketches of character; smart dialogue; and, where an opportunity fairly offers for its introduction, good sense nearly approaching to wisdom. *Helen and Olga* is a wholesome book, which may be put into the hands of young persons, not merely for its moral teaching, but also for its pictures of Russian life and manners, of which, notwithstanding the flood of light thrown upon her condition by the events of the war, the people of this country continue to be strangely ignorant.

Agnes Milbourne is another of the semi-religious school of novels, or, we should rather say, semi-polemical; but it wants the earnestness which excuses many of them. It is too much like a mere matter of business. It reads as if before writing Mrs. Hubback had sat down to think of a subject the most likely "to take;" and, seeing the stream running in the direction of theology, she had determined to make it a prominent feature of the story with which her brain was teeming. It does not fall naturally into the plot, nor grow naturally out of it; but it looks as if thrust in, not from any profound regard the authoress has for it, but because it is thought likely to be popular. Apart from this fault, and with the general protest we never omit against the application of fiction to the purposes of sect or party, we must say that *Agnes Milbourne* is pleasantly written, that the interest is well sustained, and that it is a step in advance of writer's former novels in point of style.

Sivan the Sleeper: a Tale of All Time. By the Rev. C. H. ADAMS. London: Rivingtons.

An allegorical tale. Sivan is an inhabitant of the world as it was supposed to have been many centuries before human history begins, and by the power of an angel he is sent to sleep, and does not wake until a later era; and this process of long sleeping and then waking into a distant epoch is repeated several times, introducing the reader successively to the civilisations of Egypt, Greece, Judaea, and the Middle Ages. Thus the fiction is made to have an historical interest; it is a series of instructive pictures of man at different memorable periods of his history. The author has ably embodied a happy conception.

Rose Morrison; or, Sketches of Home Happiness (S. Low)—a pretty little tale for children; simple incidents of village life, with wholesome sentiments suggested, and not obtruded, as is the too common fault of writers with more zeal than discretion.

Earthly Idols. 2 vols. (Masters).—Another religious novel, cleverly and even powerfully written, and very interesting as a story; but designed to promulgate certain High Church opinions, for which purpose terrible accidents befall those who do not hold with the author, while blessings attend those who do. This is not a fault peculiar to the present fiction: it is the failing of the entire class, and precisely the same plan is adopted by Low Church or Broad Church, Catholic or Dissenting novelist; each gives the best of the arguments and the best fortune to the people of its own creed.

Fides. By the Author of "Gabrielle" (Newby)—is a tale of love "exalted and divine," purified by the processes described in the narrative from what, in its conception, was a "wild human passion,"—after a parting in despair, a fiery ordeal, *et id genus omne*. Two rebellious hearts are brought by the skill of the

writer into perfect blessed subjection to the Divine will, and, let us add, into each other's arms. Thus faith, marriage, and felicity go together in novels, and they are not often more cleverly associated than in *Fides*.

Orange Blossoms: a Gift-Book. Edited by T. S. ARTHUR (Knight and Son), is a collection of short tales of which Mr. Arthur is more likely to be the author than the editor. All of them have a moral; some are interesting; others are tame. Upon the whole it is a volume that will please young persons, and they will learn something from it too.

Tom Burke of Ours has been added to the cheap collected edition of the works of Charles Lever now in course of publication by Chapman and Hall. It is illustrated with many clever characteristic engravings.

A novel entitled *Deeds not Words*, by Mr. BELL, is issued in a cheap form (Routledge.) The author's name is new to us; but, from a perusal of several pages, we conclude that he is not unskilled in the art of fiction.

The Curse of the Black Lady and other Tales, by THOMAS C. GRATTAN (Hodgson), collects some of Grattan's contributions to the annuals and magazines.

The Hussar, a novel by the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, the ex-chaplain, who obtained so much popularity by his military romances, has been added to "The Parlour Library."

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Last Judgment: a Poem. In Twelve Books. London: Longman and Co.

WHAT first will strike a casual reader of this wonderful and daring poem is its excellent diction; what will grow with every page on a more studious reader is its imaginative boldness. The *Last Judgment* is a theme so vast that nothing short of success could justify the act of that mortal who would attempt to pourtray it. The age seems favourable to grand and bold poetic flights. We have only just descended from Mr. Howard's "Genesis," and a new edition of Mr. Heraud's "Judgment of the Flood," to the unambitious haunts of song, when we are again snatched up into the highest heaven of invention by *The Last Judgment*. This new poem may have, at least, one good effect—it may draw within its vast area the whole of the fragmentary poets as the ocean collects the rivers in its wide embrace. The author of *The Last Judgment* has brought to his theme a becoming dignity: he has been careful, elaborate, penetrative. We thought at first that couplets would entirely demean the subject—that rhyme would not allow a suitable breadth of expression; but that opinion has been modified. Although we are not prepared to say that rhymed couplets are the best medium by which the poet could have unfolded his mental resources—for we cannot but remember that there is a measure less restrictive and more commanding, such as Milton chose—yet the couplets are so artistically wrought that we do not see the shifts to which the author must necessarily have been forced sometimes for a rhyme. The author, whoever he may be, often grows into the fiery description and awful grandeur of Dante. The whole of the fifth book is a terrible picture, only such as angels fallen from their high estate, and tortured less by remorse than by pride, could have made. We shall quote only one brief passage, where Satan is gathering his fiendish hosts to do battle once again with the Omnipotent; and it will do as well as any other accidental passage to show descriptive power and purity of diction:—

High on a mountain top all fiery red—
Himself a mountain—Satan rears his head;
Towering above that firmament of clouds,
Which veils the skies and all the prospect shrouds,
Till, by his breath dispersed, those vapours flee,
And hell becomes as clear as hell can be.
How changed from when before the eternal throne
He bowed, the brightest, loftiest seraph known,
Outshining all the archangelic throng,
With mightier intellect and sweeter song!
How alter'd e'en from when, in speechless woe,
He first beheld the gloomy realms below!
E'en then, though shorn of his primeval grace,
Celestial beauties lingered on his face,
Speaking his origin and heavenly birth,
His former glory and transcendent worth.
But now deep lightning-sears of pain and care
Indent his brow, all furrowed with despair.
Each feature shows—what in his bosom stirs—
The gather'd anguish of ten thousand years.
Sublime in ruin, awful e'en in pain,
He breathes around defiance and disdain.
Like globes of fire his eyes, dilated, roll,
And tell the hate and malice of his soul.
Full o'er the crater's burning mouth he stands,
Nor heeds the pain, though rage his breast expands.
The drelling flames above his head aspire,
And form around his brow a crown of fire.

No doubt there will be a vast deal of speculation as to who may be the author of *The Last Judgment*. We neither know nor care to know. In the world of art a name is too often an angel or a scarecrow; it either arouses a silly homage or an unjust neglect. After all, "the book's the standard of the man." Such a book can hardly receive the applause of every critic. It naturally involves religious views; it tempts the imagination into fields too remote, vast, and awful for the speculation of man, the mortal. All this may be objected to; and yet, in spite of such objections, the book will remain a wonderful evidence of analytical labour and brilliant art.

The Poetical Works of the late Richard S. Gedney.

With a Memoir of the Author by JAS. OGDEN, M.D., M.A., &c. London: Whittaker and Co.

It is not often that we take note, least of all have a high opinion, of posthumous works. If they are the compositions of a poet who has published in his lifetime, we know what they indicate; they are generally performances which the superior taste of the author had rejected, but which some fussy indiscreet friends drag from their proper secrecy, and preface with a nauseous amount of prattle and praise. On the other hand, if they are the composition of a writer who has never published, ten to one but that they are still more insignificant. Friendship, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. The grave which takes away what we love enhances the value of that which is lost. There is some excuse then—there is even some human tie which ought to make us tolerant—when the friends of a small amateur poet who has "gone to his long home" offer his verses to the world, with a broad category of the author's virtues and a flaming account of his genius. Such unamiable ideas were busy at work in our brain when we glanced at the title-page, *The Poetical Works of the late Richard S. Gedney*. To excite those ideas the more, we had observed that the volume had a profusion of gilt on the outside. "Oh!" thought we, "most likely typical of what is within." A greater mistake we certainly never made; and yet it was not a serious mistake, for the remedy came on the very heels of the error. There was only as much time expended as would allow us to peruse a page or two of the contents, when we beheld the rays of genius gleaming there like living things. Here, then, we thought, is a mind sacred from its superiority—here are the labours of a creature ennobled by many sufferings: let us pause. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. We perused the book with avidity; and, as we are not stoical, so we are not ashamed to say that we felt the heart throb and the eye grow moist over the many pages of a boy who, consumed by the fire of his own genius, dropped into the grave at the early age of seventeen. A life so young, so soon past, was necessarily uneventful; it was a life of feeling rather than of action, the best record of which lives in the author's poems.

Richard Solomon Gedney was the son of E. Gedney, Esq., of Malvern Hall, Ulster County, in the State of New York. He was born on the 15th of Oct. 1838. At the age of two years he was brought to England, and afterwards received the rudiments of a liberal education under Dr. Hodgson, of Chorlton High School, near Manchester. Subsequently he was transferred to the College at Cheltenham, and here it was that the self-same fatal malady which had stricken Kirke White and Keats came once again to extinguish all that was mortal in a youth of genius. This is almost all we know of Richard S. Gedney, save that he died on the 15th of July 1856, after a protracted illness, in which the poet's love and the Christian's faith brought him glimpses of beauty even to the last, and that his body was embalmed and forwarded to America. It is a melancholy history, brief as it is melancholy—not that a youth died at the age of seventeen, for that is not uncommon, but because a mind was recalled from earth which might have done so much to brighten, and bless, and beautify it. It would not be generous—nay, it would not even be just—to apply the same rigid rules of criticism to this volume as we should have applied had the author lived and published at the age of thirty. What can we expect but that much which is immature in composition should mark immaturity of years? And yet, if nine tenths of the poets who have had the privilege of long life and long experience had only written with half the power and pathos of this wonderful boy, we should have assigned them a rank in litera-

ture. We pause in absolute wonder over some of those pages, and frequently forget the erratic course of the author's imagination in its evident power. What could we not forgive in a young poet who could write

PROEM.

Thoughts that from the soul come flowing,
Like a fairy-haunted stream,
With the light of spirit glowing,
Living, speaking, form my theme.
Thoughts of goodness, thoughts of gladness,
Tending to a joyful end,
Mingled, true, with mists of sadness,
But the night and morning blend.
Through these pages there lie scattered
Gems whose worth few eyes may see,
Yet a vase, though small and shattered,
If God will, shall hold the sea.
Think the poet not assumptuous,
Howe'er few his years,
Even youth is not presumptuous
When its pride is blent with fears.
And remember, that the morning
Comes before the sun's full ray—
This is but the poet's dawning,
Judge not harshly of his day.

Alas! we have no opportunity to judge the poet's "day;" we are only privileged to imagine what it may have been. We certainly have not so high an opinion of "Phantasmata" as Dr. Ogden, who says that, "as an example of precocious development, of poetic attributes, and profound thought, it is unequalled in the language." It has many rich and glorious lines; but as a poem, that is, as a work in which we look for perfect, and regular development, it is capricious, and sometimes incoherent. We could easily find other poems in which the genius of the author shines with a steadier and not less certain light. There is a poem which does not present the poet in his highest mood, but which is finely expressive of his feelings, and very beautiful.

AT LAST.

I hear the distant murmur of the fountain
Flowing in flute like music down the wind;
The voice of torrents on the far-off mountain
Sounds like the utterance of a human mind.
The bees' low monotone floats from the bowers;
The ivy rustles like a living thing;
The balmy breath of fragrant summer flowers,
Fans my flushed brow like some kind angel's wing.
Soft as the murmur of a maiden dreaming,
Ripples the cooing accent of the dove;
And all around me here the sunshine streaming
Wavers and quivers like the light of love.
Through my worn heart there flows a sound of singing,
And on my soul crowd visions of the past;
The pulses of my life again are ringing,
For Hope has come to me—has come at last!

We shall also quote a few stanzas from a poem entitled "The Death Ride," which refers to the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and we desire our readers to mark their character. There is a remarkable similarity between this poem and one by the Poet Laureate on the same subject. Now, as no one will dare accuse Tennyson of imitation, it is but fair to the memory of Mr. Gedney to show that he is equally free from such a charge, at least in this instance; for "The Death Ride" was published in the *Manchester Weekly Advertiser* the same week as the intelligence of the battle reached England, and therefore before Tennyson's celebrated poem appeared. This remarkable concurrence ought to make critics cautious. It confirms our previous opinion that the elder D'Israeli expended much labour and research to little purpose when he wrote his chapter on "Poetical Imitations and Similarities." The shrewd but somewhat cumbersome compiler, probably, in a great number of instances chased a shadow, since what he terms "imitations," and traces to design, may, after all, be merely accidental coincidences.

THE DEATH RIDE.

On, o'er the rocky ground,
Cannon on all sides round,
Belching forth death and wound,
Madly they rode.
On! like a demon-blast,
Thundering and fierce and fast,
Fear to the winds they cast,
Needing no goad!
On! through the rocky dell!
On! through the cannon's hell!
On! though by heaps they fell,
Dying and dead!
On! with a whirlwind's leap!
Down on the Russ they sweep!
Madly their swords they steep
Where the foe bled.

Only a few hours before his death the young poet wrote the following dirge. It will awaken mournful ideas, for it was the gifted boy's last, though not his best, effusion.

MY DIRGE.

Let the bell toll! another soul
Has passed the Stygian river:
Without a fear, without a tear,
'T was render'd to the Giver.

To God's high throne that young heart's moan
"In pity, spare!" ascended—
Now, spared the woe that reigns below,
That mournful prayer is ended.

Sorrow and doom, and fear and gloom,
No more within its vision;
It now doth raise soft hymns of praise
In happiness Elysian!

A distant strand, a foreign land,
Received his parting sigh:—
A mournful fate and desolate,
So far from home to die!

Through the whole of Mr. Gedney's poems we trace the personal history of the writer. There is a mournful tone ringing like a knell through the pages, a feeling of regret that the beautiful forms of earth must so soon pass away. But, though there is sadness, there is nothing like despair; it is only a natural and a manly grief. It is too painfully apparent that the affections had been aroused to that intensity which belongs exclusively to the poetic character—aroused, and, by unfortunate checks, stretched to the very verge of torture. We can almost see the radiant life throbbing itself away under the pressure of disappointments which, whether fancied or real, are no less difficult to bear. The last throb is past; but this book remains to show how much beauty, and power, and sensibility, had their empire in the brain of a mere boy!

Lectures on the British Poets. By HENRY REED. 2 vols. London: Trübner and Co.

MR. HENRY REED was the Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. If we may judge by the volumes before us, it would have been difficult to find a man more suited to the office, since Mr. Reed preserves the purity and force of that celebrated tongue in which Shakspeare wrote, and which is making itself rapidly felt through every quarter of the globe. The lectures are fifteen in number, commencing from the time of Chaucer—commonly called "the father of English poetry"—and ending with Wordsworth. An enumeration of the mere contents of the lectures would occupy considerable space; but, although the various topics are succinctly treated, they are handled with such a clear knowledge of the consecutive growth of poetry, that we can see the whole fabric of mind rising, so to speak, inch by inch, and waxing in greatness and grandeur, from the time of the "Canterbury Tales" to that of "The Excursion." As we cannot enumerate the poets Mr. Reed has mentioned, or give his critical estimate of their powers, we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves. If they rise from the perusal without being able to trace clearly the stream of English literature, from its first small spring to the present, when it stretches far and grand like the ocean, they will have read with disgraceful inattention. The plan of the lectures is sufficiently simple; it consists in showing the history of literature through its illustrious names only. These, like milestones on a road, show how far we have travelled. Mr. Reed's critical theory is, we think, correct and admirable—it is to create a catholic taste. In other words, he would make every student discriminate between the different endowments of different minds, and yet feed "on all that genius sets before him, no matter how varied it may be." These volumes also contain two miscellaneous essays—one on English Sonnets, and the other on Hartley Coleridge, both of which display critical acumen. Two such volumes as these would adorn any library.

The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. New edition, in 4 volumes. London: Longman and Co.

It must be now somewhere about five years ago that we noticed at some length, and with marked gratification, the poetical works of Mr. Reade. We entered then fully into the merits of the author, defended him against some idle or malicious charges of imitation made by some of our contemporaries, and gave examples of the beauties which hung thick around him. The four books now before us are a new, and perhaps a more convenient, edition of the two volumes we have already noticed, with the addition of a few original poems and a few stanzas woven into the web of "Italy." Under these circumstances it is scarcely necessary to say, what we have conveyed in other words and elsewhere, that Mr. Reade is a poet of exquisite taste and intellectual breadth. One single poem, "Italy," has passed through four editions, a mark of honourable distinction which speaks more distinctly than our praise. All we can do is to recommend the volumes to our readers. Whoever dives deepest into their contents will bring up the most pearls, for Mr. Reade is not a surface writer; beneath the beauty and easy polish of art, he has laid a solid and rich substratum.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays from the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, with Addresses and other pieces. By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart. London: Longman and Co.

It is too common a failing in our days for the authors of essays and similar works, which are essentially fugitive and ephemeral in their nature, to feel themselves called on gratuitously, after a time, to rescue their half-forgotten progeny from impending oblivion, and to present before the public in one, two, or even three volumes, as the case may be, the random printed thoughts of ten or fifteen years before. Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle set this fashion; and in their cases the intrinsic value of the collection was an ample reason for its formation. Others with less, but, on the whole with adequate pretensions, have followed the example; and, although few are likely to spend much time over the desultory prolusions of Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sidney Smith, now that the spirit of the times which dictated them has long since passed away; yet it is satisfactory to have in an accessible form the comparatively obsolete productions which once thundered through Hellas, or set the table in a roar. But, allowing for such exceptions, it ought at length to be generally understood that nothing will justify such a publication, nor rescue it from the merited stigma of a ridiculous vanity, unless the substance of the reproduction be not merely for an age, but for all time. What then, says Sir Oracle, shall my best thoughts of my best life be lost in the mausoleum of forgotten reviews? Is it due to my country, to my friends, to myself, not to give to posterity the luminous profit of my past labours? Mr. Carlyle would meet such a query as one from a cackling hen, "Quarrel not with me, my brother, about thy egg—I believe it to be addle:" and to the alarm concerning the contingent loss to the world and posterity, "My dear fellow, it is not of the slightest consequence." The philanthropy is, indeed, entirely misplaced and unneeded. A good thought cannot die. If it be good, there will be always enough, and to spare, of plagiarists who will dish it up again and again in marvellous and infinitely varied forms, until even posterity yawns over it as a truism. It is true that the plagiarist may wear the palm of the poet; but what does it matter to the philanthropist? The world is benefited; and if a lie will do the plagiarist a profit, why, e'en let him have it. There are always Falstaffs ready to kill again the slain foe of the hero. There are always jackdaws ready to wear peacocks' feathers. Even the "great Williams," as our French friends persist in calling the great man whom we speak of as the "immortal Shakspeare," was charged with too much justice with the last-named propensity. But the world is large, the universe of thought infinite, and the brains which will not bear sucking are probably not worth tasking. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* After all, the plagiarist is generally useful as an interpreter or reporter, and spreads for public good the obscure or imperfectly expressed thoughts of genius. But his incessant labours preclude the possibility of anything good in literature actually perishing; and therefore we are not anxious to see an increase of the numbers whose first duty, after attaining a modicum of fame, is to pour on the world the crude essays of their early youth.

In the small list of those to whom may be conceded delightfully the privilege which we would withhold even from transcendent ability, Sir John Herschel may fairly claim and receive a place. His reputation is commensurate with the extent of modern science; and although the papers which he has here exhumed from old quarterlies are mostly reviews on books of high scientific position, the opinions of such a man on the labours of men of kindred acquirements cannot fail to abound, as the essays under notice certainly abound, in suggestive criticisms of the very highest value. Therefore we are glad to welcome his book, and to recommend it to that somewhat small and select class of students which has appetite and strength to grapple with the abstrusest mysteries of physics and metaphysics.

It is remarkable, however, that even such a collection as the above, by a man so justly eminent as the accomplished author, labours in a great measure under the unavoidable objections to all such collections. The reason why the republication of Mr. Macaulay's and Mr. Carlyle's essays has proved so singularly successful has

been that both have treated of subjects more or less perennial and immutable in their character, and therefore able to excite a lasting interest in consecutive generations. The essays on Bacon, Milton, Clive, Lord Chatham, and Warren Hastings are the best extant specimens of critical biography, and as such must retain their position until completer facts, or a more profound style of criticism, shall have moulded, or have been moulded on, the popular taste. So Mr. Carlyle's "Samuel Johnson," and his æsthetical works generally, owe their popularity to the fact that they have elaborated a peculiarly original school of thought on what may be called the metaphysics of social life. But Jeffrey was a rhetorician whose wordy analyses were only clever forensic exercises on the topics of his day. Brougham and Sidney Smith attempted wider generalisation, but preferred the short-lived intensity of a public reputation to the longevity of more comprehensive researches. With the occasion which gave rise to their writings, and with the excitement which those writings produced by their appeal to temporary interests, their popularity has passed away; and none care, or, if any care, they care but little, to analyse the wit and invective by which great public questions were first raised and then set at rest. So Sir John Herschel has perhaps rather unadvisedly inserted some papers on subjects which either never possessed a general interest such as alone would justify their republication; or, if they possessed it, have long since lost it in the onward march of events and variations of opinion. Hence some of Sir John's views, although exactly such as were calculated to excite the groundlings five-and-twenty years since, at the time of their delivery, sound now like amiable archaisms, which the wisdom or flippancy of our generation has either openly discarded, or buried by consent in a discreet and decent silence.

His first paper is an instance of this fact. It is an address which was delivered in 1833 before the subscribers to the Windsor and Eton Public Library and Reading-Room, and it treats of a subject which was then only beginning to attract the universal attention which it has since entirely commanded. It treats of the importance of education and the expediency of cultivating literary tastes; and it contains in particular one just and eloquent passage which cannot be quoted too often:

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation, from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up, than in the words of the Latin poet:

Emoluit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

It civilises the conduct of men—and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

But the educational mania of twenty-five years since, although continued up to our time, and existing in full force at the present hour, has shown symptoms of a descent to a more calm and perhaps more rational view of things. Difficulties and perplexities have arisen which were not contemplated by the illuminists of 1832. Mere intellectual culture has been found to have a softening effect on the character, far beyond the extent which the Roman poet or ourselves could have desired. It has refined, but it has also

enervated the national character; and the widespread discontent which marks the present generation of cultivated Englishmen must be traced in a great measure to the fact that multitudes have been educated into ideas, tastes, and perhaps abilities, far above the attainable standard of their social position. The maxim that knowledge is power has been carried too far, and adopted too thoughtlessly. There are many who have found that, so far from knowledge being power, knowledge is rather weakness unless it be accompanied with the adventitious accompaniments of prestige, wealth, and station.

Et genus et virtus nisi cum re villor algid est.

Of course we are speaking merely of æsthetic knowledge as opposed to utilitarian knowledge; and it must be remembered that it is the former, and not the latter—literary, artistic, and abstract scientific knowledge, as opposed to that which is called practical knowledge—that Sir John Herschel and his school are advocating and regarding. But we have outgrown, or shall soon outgrow, these views; and our children will see the fallacies which we have inherited from our fathers. It is and will always be a very pretty and elegant amusement for a gentleman like Sir John Herschel—with a title before, and a long list of titles after, his name—to harangue an assembly of his inferior and manufacturing brethren on the elevating pleasures of literature. It is, and will long be, a pet amusement with our lords and millionaires, and very amiable and edifying is the sight to the low people who listen to the condescending teacher. But it is ill-talking between a full man and a fasting; and the *couleur de rose* descriptions of literary pleasures as given by philanthropic young peers of the day find but a weak echo in the hearts of their auditors. Their humanity and their vulgar necessities are too strong on the latter; and although a newspaper, or even a trashy penny novel, is within the sphere of the many's comprehension, it is scarcely possible, we believe, to raise their tastes much beyond this standard, and we are by no means sure that it is desirable to make the attempt. We want unfastidious men who will work hard and honestly with their hands and their heads; not delicate sentimentalists whose refined tastes are the flimsy covering of their indolence. On this point Sir John Herschel has been misled apparently by the prosperity of his distinguished career, and perhaps by the natural disposition of all to overrate the value of accomplishments which are not their own peculiar excellence.

The introductory essay is followed by five articles excellent in their matter and style, and which contain the quintessence of the volume. The first is an essay on Mrs. Somerville's "Mechanism of the Heavens," in which a very elaborate compendium and critical analysis of that work is given with admirable skill and conciseness. Then follows a very learned article on "Terrestrial Magnetism"; a critical account and review of "Whewell's Inductive Sciences"; a similar account of "Humboldt's Kosmos"; and, perhaps the most interesting of all, an "Essay on Probabilities," which ostensibly is a review of Quetelet's book on that subject, but is really a very thoughtful and original article on the unformed science of probabilities as founded on inductive statistics. It is on this science that not merely that of political economy, but that of social, domestic, and personal economy, is virtually founded; and, although the physiological data whence the theory of these probabilities is derived are still too few and too unsystematised to deserve more than the name of elementary knowledge, enough has been already ascertained to allow of the definition of laws which, although absolutely variable, are relatively fixed. The theory of population has been one which has been established most satisfactorily on this science; and the governing laws of births, deaths, and even marriages, the duration of life, the incidence of maladies, and even the recurrence of wars and revolutions, have been shown to be subject to a strange uniformity and regularity, which gives almost the force of mathematical demonstration to moral probability.

The essay on Whewell is remarkable, among much unexceptionable matter, for an undue extension, as we think, of the Locke idea of the origin of knowledge. It was assumed, rather than demonstrated, by Locke, that all ideas have their origin in experience; and the philosophers of the inductive sciences are not to be blamed for assuming this proposition as a fundamental axiom in the metaphysics of their subject. But when they advance from this special division

to purely transcendental questions, and assume, without any demonstration or confirmatory intuition, that the proposition is true universally of all knowledge, they assert what later and more profound men—the German metaphysicians, for instance—have triumphantly disproved, and what even the practical severity of the Aristotelian philosophy has failed to establish. That there are—in spite of Locke's negative—intuitions on matters of elementary knowledge, and probably in morals and religion, few will deny; and every one's experience will bear out the proposition that there are axioms which are traceable to no origin in experience. But we must protest against that partisanship which would drag all knowledge under the parentage of experience, as much as against that far less common partisanship which places all abstract conviction and belief beyond the reach of experience as their efficient cause. Even time—which Sir John borrows triumphantly from Locke to illustrate his views—has scarcely yet been proved to be merely founded on the succession of sensations. Sensation is subordinate to consciousness, and is related to it as effect to cause; and consciousness is an identical, permanent, and invariable state—broken only, even if it be broken then—by sleep and syncope; and, as there may be consciousness without sensation, it is reasonable that there should be an intuitive perception of time without sensation; and if this be so it is clear that there is an idea of time—we know not how—apart from sensation and experience of successive phenomena.

Annexed to the essays on these grave subjects is a small collection of poems by the accomplished author, which probably are the errors of his youth. They have that mediocre merit which is incompatible with true poetry; but they are a fresh proof—if fresh proof was required—that their author is a man of much literary taste, as well as one of transcendent scientific ability. Perhaps it was scarcely necessary to publish them:

Nec Inisise pudet sed non incidere ludum;

but, since they are published, they will repay perusal. And none, indeed, will rise from the volume before us without feeling braced, toned, and instructed by its lucid development and expression of scientific and important truths.

PHILO.

Wonderful Adventures of Mrs. Seacole in Many Lands. Edited by W. J. S. With an Introductory Preface by W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., the Times Correspondent in the Crimea. London: J. Blackwood.

Our uniform desire to do justice to the productions of the ladies would prevent us from being too critical with this book of Mrs. Seacole's (the worthy old woman whose good deeds in the Crimea we have heard of, and whose misfortunes since the conclusion of the war we are all sorry for), if the little volume needed such indulgence. This, however, is not the case. It may, indeed, be said that Mrs. Seacole has evidently not written a line of it; but then it is equally clear that she has furnished the materials to the editor; and we see no reason to deny the application of the old maxim: "Qui facit per alium facit per se." It may indeed be, that if the good lady had trusted to her own powers, and had served up her honest English *au naturel*, she would have made a far better dish of it. It may also be that Mr. Russell, whilst he was about it, might have given her something better in the way of a preface than the two dozen not very remarkable lines to which he has affixed his name. Still, we are content to take the little brochure as it stands; and, judging it, as a book ought to be judged, by a just comparison of its professions with its performances, we may freely admit that it is as pleasant and readable—aye, and as instructive—a little volume as a man need take up for a couple of hours' amusement.

Mrs. Seacole appears, like her royal ancestor the King, to be the beau idéal of "a jolly old soul;" and, although she never was convicted of calling for her pot, and calling for her pipe, for her own individual delectation, she appears to have liberally supplied both articles for the gratification of others. Using the privilege of her sex, she declines to tell her age, but states that she was born at Kingston, in Jamaica, "some time in the present century"—so that it is clear that she may be anything under fifty-seven years of age. She claims to be a Creole "with good Scotch blood" in her veins. Her mother kept a boarding-house in Kingston, and was "an admirable doctress,"

from which circumstance, no doubt, Mrs. Seacole gained much of her present knowledge of leechcraft. When still young she visited London twice, and upon the second occasion made a good spec in "West India preserves and pickles." So that we see at what an early age the suttlest instinct was developed. Upon her return, she "couldn't find courage to say 'no' to a certain arrangement timidly proposed by Mr. Seacole; but married him and took him down to Black River," where they established a store. Mr. Seacole seems to have been a weakly sort of man, and died in a few months, in spite of the medical skill of his helpmate. She never ventured upon a second experiment, although she alleges, with pardonable vanity, that there were plenty who were anxious to step into the late Mr. Seacole's shoes. She seems, however, to have preferred a life of utility to the public, and soon gained a great reputation in Kingston as "a skilful nurse and doctress." The great fire in 1843 burnt down her little homestead; "but," says she, "of course I set to work again in a humbler way, and rebuilt my house by degrees, and restocked it, succeeding better than before."

In 1850 Mrs. Seacole started for Panama, and set up a hotel in Cruces. Her experiences here among the Californian gold-diggers and Yankees on their way to the Land of Promise are amusing. There is a good story about her perplexity when she discovered that, when coffee was offered à discretion at the *table d'hôte*, some of the Yankees consumed their ten cups per man. Upon applying to her brother for advice, he gave this sage counsel: "I always put in a good spoonful of salt after the sixth cup. It chokes them off admirably."

Occasionally some distinguished passengers passed on the upward and downward tides of rascality and ruffianism that swept periodically through Cruces. Came one day Lola Montes, in the full zenith of her evil fame, bound for California, with a strange suite. A good-looking, bold woman, with fine bad eyes, and a determined bearing, dressed ostentatiously in perfect male attire, with shirt-collar turned down over a velvet-lapped coat, richly worked shirt-front, black hat, French unmentionables, and natty polished boots with spurs. She carried in her hand a handsome riding-whip, which she could use as well in the streets of Cruces as in the towns of Europe; for an impatient American, presuming—perhaps not unnaturally—upon her reputation, laid hold jestingly of the tails of her long coat, and, as a lesson, received a cut across his face that must have marked him for some days.

From Cruces Mrs. Seacole went to New Grenada, where she had fresh adventures, and collected some anecdotes telling heavily against slavery—an institution which she holds in especial detestation. Mrs. Seacole, being what is by our Yankee friends elegantly termed "a yaller woman," was subjected to all those annoyances to which the coloured race is subjected in those parts.

In 1853 Mrs. Seacole returned to Jamaica, and shortly after the outbreak of the Russian war she resolved to join the English army before Sebastopol. This, however, she could not effect until the rumours came of the mismanagement of that fine body of troops, and the sufferings to which our brave soldiers were subjected. Then she came to England, and made application to the War Office for employment and the means of transit. Finding, however, that routine stood in her way, the good lady resolved to apply to Miss Nightingale, and get enrolled in her corps of *sœurs de charité*. This, however, was as difficult as to force the barriers of official reserve. After an interview with one of Miss Nightingale's aides, and many futile endeavours to see the Secretary at War, Mrs. Seacole received a not particularly cheering intimation that her offer "could not be entertained." But it was no easy matter for either official or charitable coolness to chill the ardour of Mrs. Seacole. Soon she made up her mind to go to the Crimea on her own account; and, remembering that she was already well known to the officers of all the regiments which had been quartered at Jamaica, she lost no time in sending out the programme of the "British Hotel," which she designed to open directly she arrived at Balaklava. In carrying out this plan she had the good fortune to meet with Mr. Day, who agreed to become her partner, and this was the origin of the celebrated firm of Seacole and Day, which was, by the camp wits, humorously dubbed "Day and Martin." The story of her journey out is interesting, and full of matter; there is an interview with Miss Nightingale graphically described, and then the

brave old lady goes straight on to Balaklava. When old Boxer (that sailor "of the old school") saw her, he gave vent to some grumbling "that a parcel of women should be coming out to a place where they were not wanted."

Mrs. Seacole's first occupation was to receive the trains of wounded as they were brought to Balaklava from the front. Among these she would occasionally meet with an old acquaintance:

Once I heard my name eagerly pronounced, and, turning round, recognised a sailor whom I remembered as one of the crew of the Alarm, stationed at Kingston a few years back.

"Why, as I live, if this ain't Auntie Seacole, of Jamaica! Shiver all that's left of my poor timbers"—and I saw that the left leg was gone—"if this ain't a rum go, mates!"

When "the British Hotel" was constructed upon Spring Hill, Mrs. Seacole moved up from Balaklava. That unique structure cost 800*l.*; and, although not precisely remarkable for its architectural beauty, must have looked finer than the Parthenon in the eyes of many a weary and jaded Crimean. But it must not be supposed that Mrs. Seacole's labours were confined to her log-hotel; she was, in fact, a sort of itinerant licensed victualer, and visited many a poor fellow in his hut with cooling drink and nourishing soup. "Don't you think, reader," asks the old lady, "if you were lying, with parched lips and failing appetite, thousands of miles from mother, wife, or sister, loathing the rough food by your side, and thinking regretfully of that English home where nothing that could minister to your great need would be left untried—don't you think that you would welcome the familiar figure of the stout lady, whose bony horse had just pulled up at the door of your hut, and whose panniers contain some cooling drinks, a little broth, some homely cake, or a dish of jelly or blanc-mange?"

The story of Mrs. Seacole's career before Sebastopol is full of incident and anecdote. As it is all quotable, we can quote none. Suffice it to say that, for the most part, her stories are new, and are told with a charming air of simplicity and good faith. Whilst quite understanding the value of her own services, the old lady never gives way to idle boasting. She is justly proud of the friendship, nay, the affection, which she met with from the officers, and appears to be consoled for many a loss by the recollection that these brave young sons of Mars used to call her "mother"—a term which she truly says was not without significance. And a good motherly creature she evidently must be, full of the milk of human kindness. For every one she has a good word, and, although better entitled to give an opinion than many a confident critic, you never catch her indulging in strong language about "the culpable negligence" of the officers in command, or "the incompetence" of the military chiefs. Lord Raglan appears to have had her deepest veneration, and she speaks of him with respectful regret.

Mrs. Seacole declared that she would be the first woman to enter Sebastopol after the siege, and she was so; armed with a pass from General Garrett, she carried her welcome face, and as welcome provisions, into the conquered city. She was also the last to leave the Crimea—to leave it with diminished fortunes, and nothing but the good-will of those whom she had served to depend upon. Her misfortunes are owing, we believe, to the debts which are owing to her, and to the sacrifices which she was compelled to make when the abrupt termination of the war necessitated her departure from the Crimea. So general is the feeling that those misfortunes are not only unmerited, but that it is the duty of the army to relieve them, that a committee, consisting principally of influential officers, has been formed for the purpose of raising a fund for her benefit; and, so far as the matter has as yet proceeded, we think we may confidently predict a satisfactory result. Nor does Mrs. Seacole herself seem to despair.

Where, indeed (asks she), do I not find friends? In omnibuses, in river steam-boats, in places of public amusement, in quiet streets and courts, where, taking short cuts, I lose my way oftentimes, spring up old familiar faces to remind me of the months spent on Spring-hill. The sentries at Whitehall relax from the discharge of their important duty of guarding nothing to give me a smile of recognition; the very newspaper offices look friendly as I pass them by; busy Printing-house-yard puts on a cheering smile, and the *Punch* office in Fleet-street sometimes laughs outright. Now, would all this have happened had I returned to England a rich woman? Surely not.

Of this woman Mr. Russell, in his too brief pre-

face, has truly said: "She is the first who has redeemed the name of 'sutler' from the suspicion of worthlessness, mercenary baseness, and plunder; and I trust that England will not forget one who nursed her sick, who sought out her wounded to aid and succour them, and who performed the last offices for some of her illustrious dead." Most heartily do we echo Mr. Russell's wish.

The Encyclopædia Britannica, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature. Eighth Edition. Vol. XIII. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

REGULARLY as quarter-day comes the new volume of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* with its vast and wondrous store of information—a summary of human knowledge. This thirteenth volume more than half completes the work, for it contains the letters J. to a part of M., beginning with "Jonah" and closing with "Magnesia." Its principal contents comprise: in Geography—Kaffraria, by Sir B. Pine; Kars, by Dr. Sandwith, who was present at the siege, and knows more about it than any other man; Labrador and Lapland, by Professor Petermann; London, by Mr. H. J. Reid; Madagascar, by the Rev. W. Ellis, whose works on Polynesia are so well known; and Madeira, by Mr. Johnson, who has lately published a handbook for that island. In Biography the most distinguished contributions are—Kant, by the Rev. J. Cairns; Lagrange and Lalande, by Dr. Young; and Luther, by the Chevalier Bunsen. In Philosophy, Literature, and Art, we find articles on Knights, Knighthood, and Livery, by the anecdotal Dr. Doran; Law, by Mr. McLennan; Law of Nations and Liberty of the Press, by James Mill; Libraries, by Edward Edwards; Logic, by Mr. Wm. Spalding. In Science, Mr. C. Tomlinson has contributed papers on Lead, Leather, and Life Preservers; Dr. Simpson on Leprosy; Dr. Traill on Light; and Mr. A. Stevenson on Lighthouses. Many woodcuts illustrate the text. The fame of this *Encyclopædia* is world-wide; and this new edition of it, giving the present state of our knowledge on all subjects, as being the latest, must be the best, work of its class, even if it had not the accumulated fame of seven former editions to refer to.

Chronicles of the Tombs: a select collection of Epitaphs. By THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.R.S. London: Bohn.

This is not merely a mass of strange epitaphs thrown together without commentary, like all other collections we have seen. Mr. Pettigrew has prefaced his gleanings from the graveyards with an essay upon epitaphs and other monumental inscriptions, in which he traces their history, from the earliest records to the present time. The collection itself is classified under a great variety of headings, as admonitory, laudatory, punning, acrostic, dialogue, professional, royal, noble, &c., concluding with a miscellaneous mass of such as are remarkable for some quality of quaintness or beauty. The volume has a further value, that the contents are genuine. Mr. Pettigrew has endeavoured to avoid all fictitious epitaphs, and therefore, wherever practicable, has given the dates and places. The volume is one of Mr. Bohn's "Antiquarian Library," and therefore it may be readily procured by all whom the subject interests.

Precept and Practice. By HARRY HIEOVER. London: Newby.

HARRY HIEOVER is well known to all readers of sporting periodicals as the best living writer on horses and all that belongs to them. He is now a regular contributor to *THE FIELD*, the newspaper of the country gentleman;—"the sportsman's" journal as distinguished from "a sporting" journal. The papers there published have, at the request of the readers, been collected into the small volume before us. The author says in his preface: "A journal that now embraces so large a portion of the aristocracy of the kingdom among its subscribers, and which are daily increasing, emboldens me to hope that the articles that have stood such a test will meet success with the public."

We have no doubt of it, for they are eminently practical. They are adapted for all ages and both sexes. Every rider should study them, for the most experienced will gather from them some useful hints. Purchasing horses is treated of at considerable length, and a perusal of the hints will prevent many a bad bargain. The care of a horse after you have got him, and how to ride him, occupy the remainder of the volume. It will be a treasure in the country.

The Way to Lose India, by Malcolm Lewin, Esq. (Ridgway), was published before the recent alarming news of the mutiny of the troops. It contains the following passage in the first page, which subsequent events have verified to the letter:—"With all this vaunted tranquillity, the mind of the people of India is unsettled; on one point only is it fixed, that one the hatred of our rule, which was never more deeply felt and never more openly expressed." This reads like a prophecy. Even while Mr. Lewin was writing his fears were being confirmed. His argument is that we do not sufficiently consult the feelings of the

natives; we treat them with too much contempt, exclude them from all power, and, in fact, look upon them as servants and slaves, and ourselves as their lords. This, he says, they do not forget nor forgive; they endure in silence, biding their time for vengeance. Is not that time come? and is not the recent outbreak a national protest against our rule, and not merely the revolt of some superstitious soldiers? Mr. Lewin's pamphlet will give materials for much thought.

Coorg and its Rajahs, by an Officer formerly in the service of Highness Veer Rajunder Wodear, Rajah of Coorg (London: Bumpus)—introduces, with a sketch of the history and physical geography of Coorg, a narrative of the wrongs of the Rajah, and of the claims which he has against the East India Company.

A Lecture on the Poetry of Longfellow, by J. W. Cole, was delivered at the Dorchester Institution, and so pleased the members that it was printed. It is above the average of country town lectures.

The Rev. J. J. Tayler, B.A., has published *Two Lectures, being an Introduction to a Course on the Early History of Christianity* (Whitefield).—They survey the ground about to be explored, and promise well for the learning which the students will acquire when passing through it with such a guide.

A Slice of Bread and Butter, cut by George Cruikshank (Tweedie), is a report of a speech by the famous artist, at a meeting held for the benefit of the Jews and General Literary Institution. It is on his favorite theme, temperance, and argues that bread and butter is better than beer. It is illustrated with some of his characteristic drawings.

Over the Sea (Hatchard) is a small volume containing a series of letters from an officer in India to his children at home. They are written as a sensible father would write to his family, in familiar but graphic language, selecting the topics most likely to interest them; and it has been justly supposed that letters found so informing by one circle might be equally attractive and instructive to others, and so they will be.

Instructions in the Art of Swimming, by C. Richardson, Esq. (Ridgway), only need to be named to attract the notice of those who desire to master this useful and health-giving exercise. The teachings are simple and intelligible to all capacities, and the practical hints will be read with profit by the best swimmers.

The Common Objects of the Seashore, by the Rev. J. C. Wood (Routledge), is a delightful little volume, invaluable to seaside visitors, showing them what profit and pleasure might be gathered upon the shore, and how an aquarium may be made to keep it in memory when the summer visits to the waves have passed.

At this season everybody is beginning to think, "Where shall I go?" To those who contemplate France and Belgium we can recommend a little volume just published, called *French and English Phrase-book*, which, in a small compass, gives in both languages the phrases most required to be used by travellers.

The German Reading-book, by Eugen Oswald (Routledge), is a selection of German poetry and prose, designed to teach that language by introducing the student to its best writers, and some attempt is made to arrange the extracts, so that there shall be a progressive advance from the simple to the difficult. It is tastefully compiled, and valuable if only as a mere collection of the beauties of German literature.

Pictures of the Heavens (Mozley) is an astronomy for the use of schools. Its merit is its simplicity. The illustrations are numerous and good. The authoress has avoided technicalities, and, therefore, it is the best astronomy for young persons that has come under our notice.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The London Quarterly Review for July is somewhat ponderous, although very learned. Philosophy, old and new; Decimal Coinage; Canadian Agriculture; Indian Missions, are not popular themes, and no handling, however skilful, could make them such. These, however, are relieved by a brilliant paper on "Curran and his Oratory," a gossiping one on "Boswell's Letters," a smart one on "Cicero and his Contemporaries," and two or three religious papers—the *London* being the avowed organ of a religious sect, whose views it very ably expounds.

The Westminster Review has more of variety than usual. It is always philosophical, and often learned, but seldom lively. The present number is the lightest and most readable we have seen for some years. "Suicide in Life and Literature" is a popular sketch of that terrible form of insanity. The sonnets of Shakspeare are criticised by a graceful but not too laudatory pen. The Life of George Stephenson is one of the most interesting and instructive biographies in our language, and is admirably condensed into a few pages. The "Testimony of the Rocks," reviews the last work of the ill-fated Hugh Miller, the critic approving generally, nevertheless exhibiting some of the singularly shallow fallacies into which the geologist lapsed. A paper on "English Courts of Law" exposes their few remaining defects, which are rather

in the construction of buildings and on the old habits and prejudices of the public than faults of the law itself or of the lawyers. French and Neapolitan politics are the other topics treated of.

The *National Review* emanated from Manchester, but it is now located in London. It aims at a distinctive character, less exclusively philosophical and more æsthetic than the *Westminster*, and venturing upon more of religious discussion than the two older quarterlies. It has always some one or two papers of brilliant writing—such as the article on Lord Brougham, whose marvellously many-sided mind is admirably analysed and described. A paper on the New Parliament is a calm review of the difficulties which will beset the Government in handling the new Reform Bill. "Theories of Baur and others on the Four Gospels" is one of the theological papers for which the *National* is famous. London Street Architecture; the Alleged Non-existence of Shakespeare; the Life of Miss Bronte; the Manchester Exhibition; and a clever critique on Lever's Novels, are the other papers in this quarterly, which has now taken a formal place in periodical literature.

The *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, for July, treats first of "Neglected Brain Disease, in its relation to Suicide," Hugh Miller's case suggesting the inquiry, and a vast collection of other illustrative instances being adduced. The practical difficulty is how to know that such disease exists. "The Demon of Socrates" is philosophically reduced to a delusion—insanity in fact. The recent report of the state of lunatics in Scotland, which has astonished the world, is the subject of a fourth paper. The statistics of insanity and its increase are reviewed, as are the Asylums of Italy, Germany, and France. A paper on "Popular Psychological Literature" shows that mental science is spreading among the people.

Blackwood continues the charming account of the Scilly Isles; Bulwer's new novel, "What will he do

with it?" in which already the reader is absorbed; and another part of the "Recollections of Clerical Experience." With such materials it cannot fail to be welcome. After a season of dulness it is now more interesting than ever.

Tait has come out as a regular monthly, an avowed rival of *Blackwood*, printed in precisely similar type, at the same respectable price, but differing in the character of its contents.

Titan has not yet thrown off its shilling manner. It has a number of short articles—too many for its present position. It opens with a clever tale, very stagelike, entitled "A Story without a Name," and there is another called "Pistols for Three," not so good; but "Old Letters," "Drawing-room Troubles," "Art and Science Abroad," "Titan's Pulpit," and "The New Books" are better adapted for a weekly than for a monthly. They are out of keeping. There is yet much room for improvement.

The *Dublin Magazine's* best paper is on the genius of Kingsley; its learned one is on the "Constitution of England;" its amusing one is on the "Curiosities of the English Language." "Wood-leaves and Book-leaves" is a pleasant reminiscence of Old England. Mr. Shirley Brooks continues his new novel "The Partners."

Bentley's Miscellany opens with a paper on the Second Empire. Bannister is the subject of the new number of the "Gallery of Theatrical Portraits." "China," "The Life of an Architect," and a review of Michelet's France by Monkshood are all pleasant reading.

Putnam's Monthly, from America, continues its very amusing review of the "Memoirs of George Sand." "Greenway Court" and "Truss Baby" are profusely illustrated, a peculiar feature of this magazine, which, we presume, has been approved, for the plan has been extended.

The *Art Journal* takes from the Royal Galleries

engravings of Winterhalter's "Princess of Belgium," and Wyld's "Manchester"—the latter, however, being a very feeble and blotchy print, quite unworthy of its place. Cattermole is the English artist selected for illustration; and Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "Book of the Thames" introduces us to the choicest literature and art.

The *Art-Treasures Examiner*, Parts I. and II., is a new and bold enterprise of the *Manchester Examiner*, suggested by the Exhibition. It is published weekly, and contains numerous engravings of the works of art, with historical and critical notices. It is very inexpensive, and when completed will be a valuable record of the most interesting event of the present year.

The *Scottish Review* is a small quarterly, recording the Temperance movement, but varying it with general literature.

The *National Magazine* continues its capital engravings of the best works of the most famous masters. The 9th part of *Routledge's Shakespeare* contains "The Merchant of Venice," with many beautiful engravings.

The 5th part of Mr. Russell's *History of the Crimean Campaign* continues the exciting story.

The 5th number of *Paved with Gold*, by the Brothers Mayhew, is a very clever picture of life as it is in reality, not as it is supposed to be by most of those who profess to describe it.

The *Ladies' Companion* has its usual picture of the Fashions, its accustomed sporting picture (?), and its wonted variety of prose and poetry.

The *Monthly Review* has some short notices of new books, but without any distinctive character.

The *Churchman's Magazine* is ecclesiastical.

Charles Lever has commenced a new novel in monthly parts, entitled *Davenport Dunn; or, the Man of the Day*. It opens well. It has two capital illustrations.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

BÉRANGER, the songster, the poet of the people the bard of liberty, the high-minded patriot and incorruptible citizen, lies on a sick bed—probably on his death-bed. A word may be appropriately said of his life and career. Jean-Pierre de Béranger was born in the house of his "poor old grandfather," a tailor, in Paris, on the 19th August 1780, and to the care of the poor tailor his infancy was confided. His father, who appears never to have taken much notice of him, had some pretensions to nobility, and wrote *De* before his name. The aristocratical prefix was rejected by the young republican, who in one of his songs proclaims himself a "vilain et très vilain"—a plebeian, a very plebeian. To those who criticised him for having the *De*, he replied:—

"Moi noble? vraiment, messieurs, non," &c.
I noble? truly, masters, no.
No coat-of-arms or crest have I,
No patent written on vellum to show
That my descent is ancient and high;
To love my country is all that I know.
For I'm a plebeian!
A thorough plebeian!

He resided in the house of his grandfather until the age of ten. He learned little or nothing; but he witnessed the siege of the Bastille, and the impression this event left upon his young mind was indelible. Forty years after, he was pleased to celebrate it when confined behind the iron bars of La Force.

Pour un captif souvenir plein de charmes!
J'étais bien jeune; on criait: Vengeons nous!
A la Bastille! aux armes! Vite, aux armes!
Marchands, bourgeois, artisans, couraient tous, &c.

He left Paris in his tenth year to reside with a paternal aunt at Peronne. She dispensed wine and brandy in a small tavern, but for all that was a good and pious soul, and had a great affection for her poor neglected nephew. In her slender library he found "Télémaque" and some volumes of Voltaire and Racine, and with his aunt's aid he was enabled to understand them. But with a love of literature he was fast imbibing at the same time infidel maxims. One day Peronne was visited by a violent thunderstorm. The good Catholic aunt went about sprinkling the house with holy water. An awful crash burst over it, and Béranger, struck down by the lightning, was for some time paralysed. Recovering from the shock, the young sceptic of a dozen summers turned round to his aunt and said, maliciously: "Ah, well! of what use has been all your holy water?" At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a printer, and learned to spell correctly in setting up the types. But

his progress as a compositor was slow; he had no love for the composing-stick; he was bent on versification. His first proper school was the *Institut Patriotique*, an elementary school founded by M. Ballue de Bellanglie, upon the system of his friend Jean-Jacques. It was at once a camp and a club. The scholars wore a kind of military uniform. They made patriotic orations and sent deputations to the Republican chiefs of France. Béranger composed and delivered many of the addresses presented by the school to Robespierre. His taste for literature was quickened, his style was improved, his knowledge of history and geography extended. Returning to Paris at the age of sixteen, he thought he would write a poem which should take all by surprise. The "Hermaphrodites" was the result. In this poem he ridicules dandies, and women ambitious of being considered strong-minded. The poem was a failure. At eighteen he conceived the idea of writing an epic, with the title "Clovis," which he promised to himself to complete when he should attain the age of thirty. He worked and studied hard; but in the meantime he gave birth to dithyrambs—"Le Déluge," "Le Jugement Dernier," and others. At twenty-two he composed "Le Pèlerinage," wherein he sought to reproduce, in all their simplicity, the manners of the sixteenth century. This poem, his dithyrambs and his Alexandrines, were all inspired by reading the writings of Châteaubriand. Verse-making has always been a poor heritage as a rule, and Béranger found it so. Iambics and dactyles are not bread and wine, but often bread and water. He resolved to go to the East, when the French were in occupation of Egypt; but a friend who had been there, and who had returned disenchanted, dissuaded him. It was at this season that he gave himself up to a wild, devil-may-care life, half forgetful, half lazy, throwing off at his more active moments some of his choicest pieces—"La Gaudriole," "Roger Bontemps," "Les Gueux," "Le vieil Habit," and some others. These were the days of the "old coat" and the "garret;" these were the days of *Lizette* and *Frédillon*—of love and song conjoined. This chapter in his life he always turned over with pleasure. In one of his most intimate emissions he says:

The slightest party of pleasure obliged me to diet myself for eight days afterwards on bread-soup (*panade*), which I made myself, heaping up rhyme upon rhyme, and full of hope of a future glory. Nothing draws forth from my eyes involuntary tears but in speaking to you of this smiling period of my life, when, without support, without the certainty of a livelihood, without instruction, I dreamed of a future, without neglecting the joys of the present. Ah, youth

is a fine thing when it can shed a charm even to old age—an age so disinherited and poor! Employ well what remains to you, my dear friend. Love, and be loved. I have known this happiness. It is the greatest of life.

But penury one day came in at the door or the window of the *mansarde* of the poet. In his extremity he inclosed copies of some of his poetical effusions to Lucien Bonaparte, in 1805, when he was without means and without hope. Three days afterwards came an encouraging answer. Then followed several literary engagements. In 1809 he was attached to the secretariat of the University of Paris, with a salary of 12,000 francs, which never rose above 20,000; yet this was sufficient for his moderate habits. He never got into debt, never craved for advancement. His songs were popular, he was truly a *chansonnier*, but hitherto he had slightly touched on politics. "Le Sénateur" and the "Roi d'Yvetot" made him popular in a manner he had never thought upon, but on the whole disagreeable. The first excited the laughter of the Luxembourg; but the second, which by its antithesis gave a lesson to the man of France the least disposed to listen to it, was ill received at the Tuileries. What matter? Béranger was not the man to sacrifice his opinion to his daily bread. He explains that he was an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of the Emperor. He lauded him to the point of idolatry, while he was not blind to the despotism he was drawing upon France. In 1814 he saw in the fall of the colossus the miseries only of a country which the Republic had taught him to adore. Between the first and second Restoration Béranger refused several lucrative appointments. In 1815, when he published his first collection of songs, which entire France knew almost by heart, he was warned, and this was equivalent to a threat of destitution; and at the end of 1821, when the second appeared, he incurred the rage of the minister, who interdicted him from entering into his office. Thus neither weakness nor seductions, nor fear, could vanquish the conscience of a man, which calumny has not dared to tarnish. He spoke in his songs to his countrymen; he knew their sentiments, their desires. He sang, and they gave articulate echo. "L'Habit de Cour," "Le Marquis de Carabas," "La sainte Alliance de Peuples," "Le Dieu des bonnes Gens," and other songs, awoke the patriotism of the people, and scattered abroad maxims of philosophy which shook both throne and altar. Such a man could not in reason be spared by the powers. The poet was sent before the Court of Assize of the Seine, and was condemned to three months' imprisonment, with a fine of 500 francs. Béranger

was restored to liberty, but he lost his situation in the University. What cared he? Lafitte made an offer to admit him into his office. His independence became alarmed. He was grateful to Lafitte, and in his "Conseils de Lise" his scruples will be found. A true poet is a plain speaker, and a plain speaker is a disagreeable subject. After the publication of "Le Petit Homme Rouge," the Government thought it advisable to pluck a pinion from the wings of the republican Pegasus. In 1828, the songster of "Bon Dieu" was again dragged before the Court of Assize, and condemned to nine months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 10,000 francs.

Béranger's political life, in all its details, it does not enter within our design to sketch. This properly belongs to the modern historian of France. We cannot, however, repudiate the man and the poet. His politics may belong to France, but his fame is European. Many of his best songs have been translated into English, and all who understand the originals have read them with delight. They have a pith, a freshness, and originality that give them the stamp of true genius. This much must be said in all sincerity: in consistency of political faith he has approved himself a man. He may have committed errors, but they have been those of the judgment, not those of the conscience. The prison may have restrained his individual liberty, but it has never incarcerated his thoughts. Behind the bars of La Force he wrote as freely and as gaily as in his garret, attired in his old coat. Republican, he has yet had the courage to reprove the rashness of his republican friends. Never doubting the truth of the principles which he has professed, he has still had the sagacity to perceive that there are times when they may be propounded with advantage, and times when they might be attended with danger to the community. His autobiography is to be found in his songs. They are the reflex of his inner life. He has said himself, and we believe, with truth, "Mes chansons, c'est moi." His generosity is well known. He has long done good by stealth. Many hearts he has comforted, many a tear dried up. It will not be forgotten that in 1849 he was returned a member of the Constituent Assembly of the Department of the Seine by 20,000 votes. He begged to resign; but by the Assembly his resignation was unanimously refused. Again he insisted, and the National Assembly allowed him to retire into the quietude that besuited his years. Of late years he has always been writing, but has published nothing. In his portfolio he has some hundred songs which have not yet seen the light, and which he corrects in his hours of inspiration and leisure. He calls these his Post-humous Works. One day the reading public may be permitted to peruse them. He has also been engaged upon a *Biographie des Contemporains*, which, emanating from such an author, would lead us to expect candour and impartiality. His style is flowing, inartificial, and has a precision and purity which defy criticism. The man who was persecuted, who was deprived of his bread, who was more than once made the inmate of a prison, has lived to find himself respected by political magnates and princes. Churchmen, whom he has not spared, pay their tribute to the poet. The late lamented Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Sibour, paid him a visit in 1849, accompanied by one of his Vicars-General. He was a cheerful old man until his last illness, frank and chatty. He has committed errors, which he acknowledges; he has done works of mercy, which he conceals.

It may prove interesting to some readers to know that the modern Greeks are not so entirely engrossed with buying, selling, and getting gain, that they have no leisure to bestow upon literature. Several works of considerable merit have appeared within the last year or two. One is a small poem, a fragment of a larger one—*O Λάμπρος Καζόνιος*—by D. J. Laxonos—treating of the exploits of Lampros Katzonis, who, towards the end of the last century, was commander of a small fleet, which obtained several victories over the Turks. The author is a young Greek, who puts forth his maiden effort in verses rich and flowing, and which glow with sentiments of patriotism, which has commended his production to the patronage of his countrymen. An old hierolochite, or member of the sacred band at the time of the Greek rebellion of Moldavia and Wallachia, in 1821, by name Panagiotis Chalebras, has published at Athens *Ἐπιστολαὶ ἢ τὰ κατὰ τὴν ἱστορίαν τῆς Ἑλλάδος καὶ τὰ πρὸ αὐτῆς συμβάντα*—a work

which contains important materials respecting the Greek rebellion of 1821, and respecting Greece down to the present day. Another historical production, from the pen of M. Kuntis, of Zante, gives an account of the political condition of that island under the rule of the Venetians. While on the subject of Greece, we may quote a few modern Greek proverbs which have fallen in our way. They may be compared with some of our own.

Better a wise foe than an ignorant friend. Too many captains make the ship sink. The devil keeps no goats, and yet sells cheese. Every other liar has also his witness. If you do not eat cakes, why trouble yourself if they are burnt? (This is said to those that mix themselves in matters they have no business with.) A fool may cast a stone into a well, and a hundred wise men cannot fetch it out again. When the crows discourse the nightingales fly away. The galled horse trembles when he sees the saddle. He would have the snake out of the hole, and wants a fool's hand to do it. In the daytime you see nothing, and at night you chatter about it. Last year burned it up, and this year it smokes. He who last night was bishop is archbishop this morning. Like master like man. The modern Greeks say also, As the teacher so is the taught. The hare rubbed pepper on his head and it smarted (that is, he who meddles with things he does not understand must take the consequences.) Better an egg to-day than a hen to-morrow. Hear the opinion of the stranger, withhold your own, and follow that which serves your purpose best. Fodder the wolf in summer and in winter he will eat you up. The wolf rejoices when the storm howls. If you are great, seek ever to appear little. Misfortune, where goest thou?—Into the house of the artist. Marry young, or else you will be a monk young. Go to the dance, but take care also of the house. All your labour is in vain if you ring a bell to a deaf man, sprinkle a dead man with holy water, or pour out more wine to a drunken man. (This resembles the Spanish proverb: Never attempt to wash the head of a donkey, you lose your labour and waste your soap.) Where you hear there are many cherries, carry with you a small basket. Two apes quarrelled on a strange threshing-floor. I learned to walk naked, and I am ashamed to do it now I am clothed. A clown got ennobled, and thought people would fear him. Everything follows its nature: the cat catches the mouse, and the miller dies in the meal-house. I have burnt down my cottage, that the fleas should not bite me (said of those who, to escape a small evil, incur a greater.) If you go into a monastery, speak well of the abbot (i.e. Whose bread you eat, his praises sing.) One likes the parson and the other likes his wife.

Proverbs many may regard as trifles, and pass by as mere street-wisdom; but nevertheless they mirror forth the mind and character of a people; and in the examples we have given above, the Greek mind and character are not inaptly represented.

La Terre et l'Homme is an important scientific work, by L. F. Alfred Maury, Secretary to the Central Commission of the Geographical Society of France. It is an historical view of geology, geography, and general ethnology, to serve as an introduction to universal history. It forms the last volume of the series—*Histoire Universelle*, &c., edited by Victor Duruy, and published by a society of professors and learned men. The work is of some bulk, and would require much of our space to give even a brief analysis of its valuable contents. In his preface M. Maury observes:

This work is the fruit of much reading, pursued through a period of fifteen years, undertaken at first simply with the view of acquiring circumstantial and comparative notions respecting the history of the human races and their parallel development, but which latterly was continued with a view towards the composition of this book. On casting the eye over the bibliography with which it terminates this work, one will be convinced of the variety of documents I have consulted, endeavouring to extract them from every enlightened nation, to guard myself against exclusive views of nationality.

In his general conclusion, he observes:

Man in all places has received the intelligence necessary to provide for his wants. To whatever race he belongs, the usage which springs from a frequent necessity sharpens his mind and improves his aptitudes. Without doubt, he applies more or less time to discover the things he stands in need of; but he has always succeeded; only, so far as his mode of life remains the same, he does not rise to new conceptions, and limits himself to improving more or less the procedures which his mode of life has conducted him to. Progress came to him then from without only, but from those that circumstances had placed in more favourable conditions to discover that which to him was unknown. Thus it is, in as far as communications have not existed between civilised and barbarian people, or where these communications have been rare, passing, or hostile, how savage people have remained in the same state. The

mission of the white populations, above all, of the Indo-European populations, appears to have been to multiply these relations which have continually placed man in face of new conditions, and have thus developed all his talents, all his aptitudes. After this contact had been made, and peoples had been formed into nations, we no longer have to distinguish exclusively, hunting peoples, fishing peoples, nomades, agricultural peoples. All these conditions of life we soon find united and reduced simply to professions. The address, the spirit of cunning and resources of hunters, the maritime genius of fishers, the contemplative and reflective mind of pastoral peoples, the manual dexterity and commercial genius of the agricultural peoples, have been brought incessantly together, and have borrowed mutually. The inventions of the one have been improved by the others; and intellectual, moral, and industrial labour has been extended little by little upon a basis more and more large. This is what really constitutes civilisation, and that which makes its progress at the present day with such astonishing celerity. It is impossible to foresee what is reserved for science and human industry. One knows enough, however, at the present day, to divine the direction they will take. I have shown that races melt little by little into a common population—it is the same with intelligences: they will spread abroad their works and their processes upon every climate. Then history will take a general, a really universal character, for what one people shall have accomplished another people shall accomplish also; traces of the primitive infancy of nations shall irrevocably disappear; and, if barbarism returns, it can only be the effect of the decay of our species, and of the abuse of the faculties the astonishing development of which we have just been tracing.

Another highly important work is Paul Mesnard's *Histoire de l'Académie Française, depuis sa fondation jusqu'en 1830*; and we have to mention finally a forthcoming work by M. Francisque-Michel, *Le Pays Basque, sa population, sa langue, ses mœurs, sa littérature, et sa musique*. Knowing as we do the fidelity of this writer, his extensive antiquarian knowledge, his deep researches in the domain of ancient literature, and his general acquaintance with the Basque language, we anticipate no small pleasure when we are permitted to peruse this volume. The French Government, aware of the value of such a work, presented M. Michel with a gratuity of 1500 francs, to enable him to proceed with it.

FRANCE.

Mémoires de Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné. Paris.

THE civil wars of France, at the end of the sixteenth century, were more fertile in remarkable men than in decisive events. The pen of a Michelet may render the history picturesque—but it is scarcely possible to render it interesting. Fierce passions, petty intrigues, filthiest sensualities, horriblest cruelties strangely and hideously mingled; no grand and regenerating idea, however, marched invincible amid the chaos and the crime. The Reformation had never really seized the soul of the people. It had been, from the first, an aristocratic movement, in strong contradiction with the instincts of the nation towards unity. Moral energy, religious fruitfulness it had not. Even a Parisian mob felt that it was a political weapon, not a celestial minister. The leaders of the Reformation resembled their opponents in all except this—that they professed the principles of the Reformation. Had they, like the Puritans of England, stood boldly and broadly out from prevailing vice, they would have cloven themselves deep into the heart of the multitude. But in an age so depraved as that of which Brantôme's book on "Gallant Ladies" gives us a faithful picture, the Protestant chiefs laid on themselves no burden of self-denial and of purity which the most polluted debauchee at the Court of the imbecile Valois would not have been willing to bear. Who of the Papists more grossly, more recklessly licentious than Henry of Navarre? Chastity, temperance, self-restraint, may be impossible virtues in kings; yet him who heads a moral or religious revolution we expect to have moral elevation, religious enthusiasm, and Henry had neither. Nor was his individuality of that colossal, that conquering kind which shatters for itself a way through the hugest obstacles. He was a brave warrior, not a great captain; he was jovial rather than generous; he never displayed any higher capacity than good sense, and a promptitude in adapting himself to circumstances. With a more iron will, with loftier aims, with more comprehensive wisdom, with grander military talents,

his desertion of Protestantism would not have been at all necessary. It was the confession of a weak character and of a barren brain. If he had been truly a hero, if he had displayed the martyr spirit, he would have crowned the Protestant cause with that radiance of a diviner life, which it wanted. It would then have been severed by a gulf immense, by a contrast overwhelming, from Papal abominations. There was more in the nature of the French people than in the nature of the English leading them to Protestantism; for the essence of Protestantism is mental independence, which the Frenchman is as eager to claim as the Athenian of old. If, therefore, he rejected Protestantism in form, it must have been because in form it was in flagrant antagonism to the whole fashion of French existence. It wore to the French eye the same foreign and freezing aspect that Constitutionalism does now. Marvel not, therefore, if it became and remained not a popular power, but simply the battle-field of envenomed and unscrupulous factions. And what in the doings of factions has ever risen to sublime historical importance? Little, however, of epic dignity, of dramatic variety and completeness, and of profound significance, as we may find in the civil wars which led Henry the Fourth to a peaceful and glorious throne, there was in the very deficiency of noble actions the more prominence gained for the actors. France, distracted, debased, despairing—France trodden by whatever was vilest and torn by whatever was most violent, yet abounding with mighty and manifold talent. De Tocqueville has said that the French have an aptitude for everything, but excel only in war. Let the peculiar French genius be what it may—and though we all know it, we should all find a difficulty in defining it—it never burst forth with such wonderful effulgence as in years when anguish and corruption divided France between them. France had then its most original writers—writers of so much pith and plentitude, of so much sap and savour, that neither a crabbed style, nor clumsy expression, nor obsolete language, nor revolting obscenity, can repel us from occasional commune with them. France had then its subtlest politicians, its most gallant soldiers, its ablest generals. The politicians had learned both in a French and in an Italian school. The soldiers had on their brow the last gleams of dying chivalry—they fought with the valour of an earlier age, with the science and confidence of a new age, and with a contempt of danger inspired by the confusion and instability that universally reigned. They struck the harder blows and took the bolder leaps that the earth tottered so terribly under them. As to the generalship, it must be judged by what so many subalterns performed. There was too much of the guerrilla in the conduct of the contest to allow rapid Napoleonic strokes of strategy; but on thousands of diminutive scenes appeared thousands of Napoleons and of Hannibals. And what was notablest was that they who were subtle politicians, gallant soldiers, able generals, were often accomplished scholars. It was not more striking that faculty was so plenteous, than that it was cultivated in so many different directions. This culture, this discursiveness, hindered moral earnestness when by moral earnestness alone could a stupendous victory for truth be won. The man of convictions is the man of one solitary thought. If to this thought he adds another, he is on the path to lose his convictions in a real or a spurious liberality. The generation of Frenchmen that beheld Henry of Navarre marching to a disputed sceptre was often furiously fanatical, often childishly superstitious; but it was not stirred by a single honest throb of religious fervour—it was penetrated and panoplied by no convictions.

The man of whose autobiography M. Ludovic Lalanne presents us with a new and very excellent edition was, in his agitating character, his agitated career, and his diversified endowments, an admirable personification of what France was at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. A soldier from his boyhood, he had, in seizing the sword, laid the basis of an enormous erudition which incessant occupation in war and in politics never prevented him from augmenting. He was a year older than Henry of Navarre, to whom he was presented as one for whom nothing was too hot. Those words pictured well his rash and boundless valour, his headlong impetuosity, his fiery temper, his adventurous disposition. To these qualities he joined a lively, fertile imagination, and a rare and ready wit, which could raise

an opulent laugh round trifles or lash wrong with the satirical severity of Juvenal. As a prose writer he will always hold a foremost place; but he was not less distinguished as a poet. In his prose and his verse alike the chief feature is a rugged, pictorial force; but the force often melts into tenderness, and on the tenderness fall sudden startling flashes of humour. On every utterance, as on every deed, we have the evidence of a tough, frank, stalwart, genuine nature, free from rancour, prodigal and persistent in affection, but overflowing with an indignation dangerous to encounter—not selfish or ambitious, but ostentatious, vain, restless, and occasionally querulous.

The streak of pedantry which glares on us wherever we look should not offend; for, living in a pedantic age, D'Aubigné was perhaps less, rather than more, pedantic than the age—and his pedantry never dulled his clear vision of the right, never weakened his robust grasp of realities.

Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné was born on the 8th February 1552, at the chateau of Saint-Maury, about a league from Pons in Saintonge. His mother, Catherine de l'Estang, died in giving birth to him. The family belonged to the most ancient nobility of France. Jean d'Aubigné, his father, was Chancellor of Navarre. Having embraced Protestantism, he became one of the most active and zealous leaders of the Protestant party. In the conspiracy which took its name from the town of Amboise, and which was so bloodily suppressed, Jean d'Aubigné took a bold and vigorous share. At the defence of Orleans, in 1563, he received wounds, from the effects of which he soon after died. His son tells us that, when he was eight years and a half old, his father took him to Paris. They had to pass through Amboise. The heads of the conspirators who had been executed were still visible, rotting ghastly in the sun. At this sight Jean d'Aubigné was so deeply moved that he cried, in the presence of seven or eight thousand persons, "They have beheaded France, the scoundrel executioners." The son, seeing in his father's face the signs of unaccustomed emotion, spurred his horse close up to him, when the father, putting his hand on the head of the boy, said: "My child, thou must not spare thy head after mine, and any more than I have spared mine, to avenge those chiefs so full of honour: if thou shrinkest from the sacrifice, thou shalt have my malediction." This speech excited the crowd, so much more numerous than usual on account of the fair-day, that the little troop of twenty horsemen had some difficulty in escaping.

Such incidents were part of D'Aubigné's moral education. But his intellectual education was not neglected. He himself says that he could read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, when six years old, and that when a year or two older he translated the "Crito" of Plato, on the promise of his father to get the translation printed with the portrait of Théodore. D'Aubigné complains of the harshness of his first preceptors. He had also to bear the caprice and ill-temper of a stepmother. From these tyrannies he seems to have sought an escape in dream-land. Once when lying awake in bed he heard some one enter his chamber; the curtains were drawn aside by a woman robed in white, who, having given him a kiss, as cold as ice, disappeared. When his preceptor Morel entered, he found him speechless. The result of the vision to D'Aubigné was a fever which lasted fourteen days.

In 1562 the education of D'Aubigné was entrusted to Matthew Beroalde, a learned theologian and historian, who had renounced a bishopric, and the prospect of still higher dignities in the Church, to devote himself with zeal to the Protestant cause, for which he suffered many tribulations. He died as Professor of Philosophy, at Geneva, in 1576. He was the nephew of a famous Hebrew scholar called Vatable. Beroalde's eldest son Francis maintained the reputation of the family for scholarship and talent. Consulting, however, only his worldly interests, he deserted Protestantism and sought and obtained promotion in the Catholic Church. Of his numerous works none but the "Moyen de Parvenir" achieved somewhat of permanent renown. A sceptic in heart and a scoffer in words, Francis Beroalde contrived in this book to be as offensive by indecency as by irreligious spirit. At the time that D'Aubigné took up his residence in Matthew Beroalde's house at Paris, Francis, the future apostate and mocker, must have been a little boy about four years old. D'Aubigné had not been

long in the house of Matthew Beroalde when troubles and dangers, thickly crowding, compelled the latter to escape from Paris with all his family. What D'Aubigné chiefly regretted in this hasty departure was some gorgeously bound books and some beautiful articles of furniture. The thought of these brought tears into his eyes, whereupon Beroalde said to him: "My friend, do you not deem yourself fortunate that you have it in your power to do something for him who has given you everything?"

The company, consisting of four men, three women, and two children, fell into the hands of the Chevalier d'Achon, who commanded a hundred cavalry at the village of Courance, and who placed them as prisoners under the guardianship of an inquisitor called Democharés. D'Aubigné did not lose heart when put into prison; but when his elegant little sword and a richly-ornamented belt were taken away from him he could not restrain his tears. The inquisitor interrogated the prisoners apart. The answers of D'Aubigné made him exceedingly angry. The manners of D'Aubigné, and his dress of white satin striped and adorned with silver embroidery, attracted the notice of the officers. He pleased them as much as he had displeased the inquisitor. They told him that all the prisoners would be condemned to be burned. He replied boldly that his fear of the mass took from him his fear of the flames. When the inquisitor had tortured with his questions the prisoners, and these were once more together, Beroalde easily persuaded them that it was better to die than to renounce their faith. In the evening when their supper was brought they were shown the executioner, who was preparing for the work of the morrow. As soon as the jailers had retired the company knelt down to pray. About two hours after a gentleman, who had formerly been a monk, but who was now a soldier in the Chevalier d'Achon's troop, and who at the moment was guard over the prisoners, having entered, kissed D'Aubigné's cheek, then turning to Beroalde said: "I must save you all for the love of this child; be ready to leave when I shall tell you; meanwhile give me fifty or sixty crowns to bribe two men, without whom I can do nothing." From money hidden in their shoes, the sum was at once forthcoming. At midnight the gentleman returned with those whom he had bribed, and, having entered into some arrangements with the prisoners for his own future recompense and safety—it being his purpose to join the Protestant party,—he led them by secret paths to the high road to Montargis, where, after their great toils and great perils, they safely arrived.

At Montargis they were received with what D'Aubigné calls her accustomed humanity, by the Duchess of Ferrara. Renée de France, the daughter of Louis XII., married in 1528, Hercules d'Este Duke of Ferrara; and when she became a widow, Francis I. gave her Chartres, Gisors, and Montargis. She seems to have possessed the same benevolent character that earned for her father the name of Father of the People. During the few days that D'Aubigné remained with her she pleased herself with placing him near her, and hearing his discourses on the contempt of death. D'Aubigné had in supreme measure the rhetorical genius of his countrymen. And no doubt out of his schoolboy reminiscences of the Stoics, and his recent imprisonment, he contrived to produce something wonderfully eloquent for one so young.

When D'Aubigné and his companions reached Orleans they needed all to be armed with the contempt of death in better than a rhetorical fashion. For, in addition to war and war's terrors, the plague broke out and slew thirty thousand persons. D'Aubigné was among the earliest to be attacked. He recovered only to witness the horrible spectacle of Madame Beroalde, his surgeon, and four others, dying in his chamber. His servant, Leschallat, who afterwards was minister of the Gospel in Brittany, never abandoned him, and, as a preservation against the contagion, had always a psalm on his pious lips.

It would delight us to picture in detail from D'Aubigné's rich quaint old French his subsequent career. But we abstain, not merely because our limits forbid, but also because we wish our readers to form an acquaintance with D'Aubigné's works for themselves. We therefore march further in briefest outline.

Jean D'Aubigné had been lavish of his money as of his blood for his religious and political faith. When, therefore, he died, he left little to his son Théodore but the memory of his many and notable

virtues. For some time after his father's death Theodore continued to receive the instructions of Matthew Beroalde. At thirteen he was sent to Geneva, where he enlarged the circle of his studies. When he had been two years at Geneva, he took offence at certain severities of discipline, and ran away. At Lyons, where he sojourned for a season, money failed him. His landlady pressed him for payment. This demand wounded him so profoundly that he went one day without eating, and wandered about in extremest melancholy. Not knowing where to pass the night, he stopped on the bridge over the Saone. As he leaned over, and as he beheld his tears raining on the water, he was assailed by a keen desire to throw himself in, and so end his miseries. But the utterance of one fervent prayer changed the current of his emotions. Scarcely was his prayer finished when his eye recognised two travellers. The one was his cousin-german, the *Sieur de Chillault*; the other his valet. De Chillault, on his way to Germany on some business of the Admiral de Coligny, was carrying to Geneva money for D'Aubigné.

In 1569, at the age of fifteen, D'Aubigné left Geneva and went to live with his guardian D'Aubeville in Saintonge. D'Aubeville suspected that D'Aubigné was tired of books, and would at the earliest opportunity seize a sword and mingle in the conflict then going on in France. He therefore kept him prisoner. In 1568 some companions helped him to escape. He was from that hour a soldier. His first experience of a soldier's life was abundantly disenchanting. But he was made for a soldier, and he bore pain and privation bravely. He had already, on more than one occasion, gained renown for desperate valour when peace was signed in August 1570 at Saint Germain.

If this peace brought repose to D'Aubigné's arm, it was only to drive it from his heart. He fell in love with Diana Salviati, the eldest daughter of *Sieur de Talcy*, and poured out the joys and sorrows of his attachment in poetry. The affection of the good Diana toward D'Aubigné was as warm as the esteem of the father was abounding. But relations interfered, especially a bigoted uncle, Francis Salviati, a Knight of Malta and Grand Master of the Order of Saint Lazarus in France. D'Aubigné's Protestantism was represented as an insurmountable obstacle. The connection was broken off. D'Aubigné had a dangerous illness: Diana Salviati was forced to accept as husband one who could not make her forget the fiery youth who had loved her so well. Him she was destined to meet again, but she was then pining away to an early grave.

D'Aubigné was at Paris in August 1572, when the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret of Valois served as comic introduction to the tragedy of Saint Bartholomew. Having been second in a duel, D'Aubigné had wounded a serjeant of the Archers, who wanted to take him prisoner. He was compelled, in consequence, to fly: and it was thus that he escaped being a victim of the most horrible massacre in history.

On the return of D'Aubigné to Paris began his intimacy with Henry of Navarre, an intimacy which continued till Henry's murder, though the fickleness of the master and the fierce independence and biting speeches of the servant often amusingly and sometimes sadly diversified it, now and then bringing quarrels which threatened to separate the two friends for ever.

Those who in the main honour the courage and consistency of Théodore D'Aubigné blame with justice and deplore a momentary defection from that path which the son of Jean d'Aubigné should always have followed. The memory of the bloody Saint Bartholomew was only a year or two old when D'Aubigné, without professedly deserting the Protestant cause, went to fight under the Duke of Guise against the Huguenots, and to contribute to their defeat at Dormans. Vanity, which fatally leavened so much that was noble in D'Aubigné, probably led to this flagrant sin against duty, for which more than half a century's subsequent toils and combats amply atoned.

One of the most active in aiding Henry of Navarre to escape from the Court—that is to say, from the real captivity in which the cunning of the Queen-mother Catherine contrived to keep him—D'Aubigné was one of the most active in building up Henry's power, scarcely ever laying aside the sword, as he says himself, except from maladies and wounds.

In more peaceful years D'Aubigné, who was never greedy after gain or office, was appointed

by Henry Vice-Admiral of Guienne and Brittany.

Unfortunate in many things, D'Aubigné was singularly fortunate in his marriage. Suzanne De Lezay, who had become his wife in 1583, plunged him by her death in, 1596, into a despair from which incessant occupation gradually but very slowly delivered him. He more than once recurs to this, the bitterest of afflictions which he ever seems to have encountered.

The death of Henry the Fourth changed the entire current of D'Aubigné's existence. He now made the pen the weapon of the energy that could not otherwise be employed. It is notable that, while he had strenuously opposed Henry's abandonment of Protestantism, he had foretold in a few sublime sentences Henry's doom. On the 27th December, 1594, occurred the attempt of Jean Chastel, a youth of nineteen, to assassinate the King. The blow of the knife which was aimed at the throat struck the mouth, inflicting a slight wound. The same evening the King, his mistress Gabrielle d'Estrees, and D'Aubigné walked for two hours together. When the King showed to D'Aubigné, by the light of a torch, his lip which had been cut, the latter said: "Sire, you have as yet renounced God only with your lips, and he has contented himself with piercing your lips; but when you have renounced him with your heart then he will pierce your heart." This speech, though not offending Henry, alarmed Gabrielle, who cried "O beautiful words, but badly employed." "Yes, Madame," said D'Aubigné, "badly employed indeed, since they are uttered in vain." As a relief to the solemnity of this, take the sharpness of the following. When a very young man, D'Aubigné having been introduced at court, was sitting on a bench before the palace. Three of the Queen's maids of honour, whose united ages made a hundred and forty years, came up to him. They tried their best to turn him into ridicule, and one of them said impudently to him, "What are you contemplating there, sir?" "The antiquities of the court," he replied. They quickly saw that here was a youth whom it would be dangerous to have for an enemy. Smothering their anger and shame, they strove to win his friendship.

The principal fruit of D'Aubigné's literary vigour was his "Histoire Universelle," in three folio volumes, the first of which appeared in 1616. It was a history of France during the last half of the sixteenth century. Its polemical character, its boldness and outspokenness, provoked a host of recriminations and antipathies. The decree of the Parliament, that it should be burned by the hands of the hangman, did not prevent it from taking that conspicuous and abiding place in French literature which it merits alike by substance and by style. A large portion of the volume, edited by M. Ludovic Lalanne, consists of illustrative and exceedingly suggestive and instructive extracts from the history.

In 1620 D'Aubigné was driven by persecution to seek a home in Geneva. Here he resided till his death, honoured by all the French and Swiss Protestants, and frequently consulted by them in their difficulties. In 1623 he married the widow of César Balbani. Her maiden name had been Renée Burlamachi. He was seventy-one. She was sixteen years younger. The marriage was performed during the course of the usual service on the Sunday. The minister preached from the text, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This irritated D'Aubigné beyond measure, and he complained to the Senate of Geneva, who forced the Minister to apologise. In doing so, he protested that he had no intention of offending, and that the words complained of belonged to a portion of Scripture which he had been occupied on successive Sundays in expounding.

The chief thing which embittered D'Aubigné's latter days was the conduct of his son Constant D'Aubigné, of whom he speaks in terms of loathing which it is rare for a father to use toward a child. Constant was as base a wretch, as unprincipled a scoundrel, as ever breathed. He was the father of Madame de Maintenon, whose evil counsels in the weak and credulous ear of Louis Fourteenth wrought France such woe. Her influence led to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Probably her hatred to Protestantism was in a considerable degree excited and nourished by the disgust and contempt which Théodore D'Aubigné had expressed for the worthless Constant. In most other respects Théodore D'Aubigné was happy in his family. His daughters Marie and Louise were married to

their own and to his satisfaction. A natural son, Nathan, who was born in 1601, and who died in 1669, had all the virtues in which Constant was so notoriously deficient. It is from Nathan that the Merles d'Aubigné are descended, one of whom has in these days attained eminence as an ecclesiastical historian.

On the 9th May, 1630, Théodore d'Aubigné died, after a short illness. He was interred in the Cathedral of Saint Peter, at Geneva, whose floor, close to that venerable dust, the present writer has a thousand times trod, not without the presentiment that he would at a future time merit the epitaph which some one deemed the fittest for D'Aubigné, but which was never placed on his tomb—"Here rests who never rested." Fruitful may the restlessness and eloquent may the rest be! ATTICUS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, July 13.

In my last letter I alluded to the book in which Monsieur Granier de Cassagnac makes out that the middle classes, that all the intelligence, wealth, and talent of the country, are not entitled to have any share in its government, while the ignorant, illiterate, and uneducated, can claim it as their birthright, provided they delegate it to their "glorious emperor." I have since perused the work a second time, and noted down a few passages which are rather easily done. M. Granier de Cassagnac, though a wretched historian, and in point of fact little else than a literary *condottiere*, is a brilliant party writer. At the time when he used to write for the Government of Louis-Philippe in *L'Epoque*, the opposition members of the Chamber of Deputies he mercilessly dissected. Unfortunately, then as now, his articles carried no weight with them, because the public were perfectly aware of the connection of the writer with the Administration. They knew that M. de Cassagnac's talents were like the free lances of the middle ages, at the service of whoever chose to pay for them, and he might one day be found in the same camp as his enemies of the eve. Nevertheless, his appreciations are occasionally true—always clever and forcible. Here is a specimen of the style in which, in his history of the Fall of Louis-Philippe, he depicts some of the celebrities of the Chamber of Deputies.

M. BERRYER.

In ordinary times, when affairs went on satisfactorily, the grandees of the Legitimist party were rather nettled at having to march under a leader sadly destitute of quarters of nobility; but when crisis and struggles were at hand, when birth no longer weighed in the balance, all this bewildered aristocracy was only too happy to shield itself beneath the talent of a plebeian. As an orator, under the appearance of ease, readiness, and abandon, M. Berryer was extremely guarded and methodical. He used to seek to combine and dispose every part of his speech with the greatest art and patience; and, even to those ingenious and rapid appreciations, even to that feverish and highly-coloured style of argument, all had been previously carefully studied and composed. More of an artist than a man of learning and letters, and still less of a politician, M. Berryer placed arguments that touch the heart before those that convince the mind; and whenever he had moved his hearers, he thought he had spoken well. His commanding stature, his noble face, his full and vibrating organ, admirably seconded his ideas. Theatrical rather than demonstrative, and his phraseology impassioned rather than correct, without the faculty he possessed to please his hearers he would, perhaps, have more attached himself to acquire that of convincing them. The organ of a party excluded from office, M. Berryer, ever condemned to a situation of attack, spoke the language of passion better than that of politics; but had destiny given him a country instead of a faction to defend—had his penetrating mind, his clear method, his energetic nature sought arguments in the cause of order and society, instead of gleaming for them in the field of rancour and rivalry—then M. Berryer, supported and exalted by such a part, had left in the history of Parliamentary orators a page, the splendour whereof no other had outshone.

In the above, which is true, and which is not severe, M. Granier continually speaks in the *past* tense. I had the pleasure of hearing M. Berryer in court not many days ago; and I can assure your readers that the splendid gifts of which M. Granier gives such a diluted idea remain unimpaired by age and by the heavy domestic affliction which the illustrious orator has just suffered. It is, however, a style of speaking which would hardly do in an English court. It is too declamatory, and the point of law is neglected or merely touched upon. There is none of that caustic brilliancy of repartee which distinguished Dupin aîné and still distinguishes Cremieux and Chaix d'Est-ANGE. Everything is grave, severe, and dignified; but to the court, the jury, and the public, it is no more than an oratorical display. To return, however, to our muttons, or mutton—M. Granier. As a contrast to his portrait of the great Legitimist advocate, here is a sketch of one of the heroes of 1848, before that catastrophe:—

M. LEDRU ROLLIN.

Not very dangerous by his political influence, M. Ledru Rollin was still less so by his talents. An obese body; a thick and bloated eye; a husky and indistinct voice; in none of these features did he resemble the tribunes of the Revolution. He represented much more the noisy sensualism of Barras than the impassible resolution of Robespierre or the dark fanaticism of St. Just.

Another of the deputies fares hardly better than M. Ledru Rollin. Here is M. Granier's verdict on

M. ODILON BARROT.

M. Odilon Barrot is mild, naïve, credulous, and rather vain by nature. The proof of this open and expansive honesty is shown in all M. Barrot has ever done; throughout his life he has ever been an instrument and a dupe.

Touching M. de Lamartine, I cannot but think that M. Granier would have acted wisely had he not had the impertinence to sneer at a man who is as much his superior by his uprightness and moral worth as by his talents as a poet and a speaker. Politically speaking, M. de Lamartine may have for one moment been dazzled by the position which he was raised to in one feverish hour. But no one who lived in Paris at the time the capital was in the hands of an armed and furious mob can ever forget all they owe to Alphonse de Lamartine. They will ever gratefully remember that alone, of all the cowardly and incapable crew that surrounded him, regardless of danger, he bravely stood forward and soothed the passions of a multitude who, but for his timely intervention, would have treated the wealthy quarters of Paris as they had already treated the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and the Palace of Neuilly. The claims of M. de Lamartine to popularity as a writer and as a man hardly require any vindication from one of his humblest admirers; but I am sure I am only expressing the feelings of thousands when I formally record the disgust and contempt with which M. Granier's attacks on him have filled every impartial mind. In his second volume, this Government scribe formally accuses M. de Lamartine to have, at the eleventh hour, entered into a plot with the demagogues, on the 24th of February 1848, after the flight of the King, to bring about the proclamation of the Republic, happen what might. No man in his senses who witnessed that eventful day can possibly attach any credit to this monstrous calumny. But this calumny, vile as it is, is perhaps exceeded by the impertinence of the following tirade, which I find in the first volume, p. 122.

All that constitutes M. de Lamartine—his *éclat*, his career, his books, his politics, his power, his popularity, his fall—are as many enigmas, that may all be solved by the same word: *chimera*! His Christianity does not belong to any Church, because to belong to a Church some rule or authority must be accepted. His politics are of no party, because to belong to a party a leader and some principles must be recognised. His literature does not belong to any school, because to belong to a school one must admit traditions and acknowledge models. Isolated among the many, distinct and separate from all, supported by nothing, allied to none, M. de Lamartine constitutes such an individuality, or has chosen for himself such a part, that he seems to be the embodiment of every contradiction, the inclinations of solitude with the tastes of power.

It is the curse of some natures to be unable to appreciate honesty and merit when they see them, and from such this false and venomous attack might be excused; but from a man like M. de Cassagnac, whose eyes are perfectly able to see for themselves, to come forward, and at a time when knowing well those he attacks cannot pay him off in kind, is one of the most unblushing examples of literary spadeism, if I may coin the word, of which that person has yet given an example.

But enough of M. Granier for the present. I reserve for my next letter his abuse of M. Thiers and his praise of M. Guizot, with a few other choice morsels from his book.

After the elections and politics of the day, the annual Exhibition of Painting stands in the foremost ranks as a current subject. With a brief notice of the principal works I therefore conclude my letter. You will perceive that the best French artists of the time have not honoured the display by sending any pictures.

The Exhibition of the works of French artists is now open at the "Palace of Industry," as the building erected for the National Exposition in 1855 in the Champs Elysées is called. The attendance averages about 1200 persons per day, save Sunday, when the entrance is gratuitous, and is consequently at least quadrupled. The pictures occupy the Northern Gallery, which is divided into nine compartments, and the sculpture is placed on the ground-floor underneath. Ingres, Eugène Delacroix, Descamps, and

Ary Scheffer, have not sent in any works. Religious subjects are extremely scarce, and the historical pictures, generally speaking, little above mediocrity; but, on the other hand, landscapes and familiar scenes are in great number.

The central room introduces us to a number of large canvases, representing national events of the day. In the first we have Muller's "Arrival of the Queen of England at the Palace of St. Cloud;" this is a picture of large proportions, representing the Emperor introducing her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Empress, surrounded by many familiar faces of the French court, whilst the background discovers the grand staircase lined with the Emperor's body-guard. It is by no means happy as a composition. The Queen and the Empress look stiff and uncomfortable, and the surrounding personages not much better. Prince Albert is looking on (in great proportions) as if he were ill at ease. The colouring of the flesh is monotonous and snuffy. Round this picture are portraits of the Crimean heroes; but the painting which attracts most attention in this room is "The landing of the French Army in the Crimea," by M. Pils. An airy sunlight effect falls on the fleet in the distance, and illuminates the groups in the foreground. The Duke of Cambridge, Prince Napoleon, Marshal Arnaud, Canrobert, and other notables of the war, are standing together, whilst the picturesque French forces are mustering and forming. The middle distance discovers other troops on their march. The picture is truthful in detail and dashing in execution. Its companion is the "Battle of the Alma," by Horace Vernet. Such a subject always attracts a crowd, and this part of the room is always well attended by visitors. Winterhalter exhibits a portrait of "The Empress and the Imperial Prince," but it is not one of his happiest efforts; there is no vibration in the colouring, and the drawing is the reverse of perfect. Nor can Horace Vernet be congratulated on his "Equestrian Portrait of His Majesty;" the drawing is bold and decided, but the colouring is deficient in mellowness. Repose does not suit Vernet, who is best employed when painting the march of infantry and the animation of the battle-field. An attractive picture as regards subject in this room is Dubuffe's "Congress of Paris," a work of pretensions, but not happy in its general effect. M. Walewski and Lord Clarendon are in conversation with the Turkish envoy, seated; whilst the remaining members of the Congress are standing in the background. The only honest praise which can be bestowed on this picture is the admirable painting of the furniture—the minor making-up of the picture. Meissonnier has several small and matchless gems; visitors crowd round them more than any other works in the exhibition. The high price which this artist obtains for a few square inches of painting is one of the remarkable facts of modern art. Not less than 30,000 francs are commonly paid for a picture of a foot square, and he has more orders than he can execute during his life. Nine of these gems grace the present exhibition—one called "La Confidence" being the largest: two friends are seated together after dinner, and one is reading a letter to the other; into this simple subject the painter has thrown a mass of charming detail, and yet the effect is wonderfully broad and masterly. I must, however, confine my pen and limit myself to a few brief remarks on the most remarkable of the remaining pictures. There is a very curious canvas by Orschwiller, representing a number of monkey cooks cutting off the heads of cats and preparing a plat unmentioned either by Dr. Kitchener or Soyer. M. Corot contributes a number of those tender landscapes with figures which are remarkable for their treatment—hazy, dreamy, and devoid of high lights. As examples of representing atmosphere, they are very remarkable and deserving of attention; as compositions, they remind one of the fine old masters. Carand has a picture which will please those who admire the English school of humour and colour. It is entitled "The Abbé Prévost Listening to the Romance of 'Manon Lescaut' with an Actress of the time." The faces are full of character, and the colouring bright, crisp,

and sparkling. I now come to the most classical work in the exhibition—Baudry's "Fortune and Child," suggested by the following lines of Lafontaine:

La Fortune passa, l'éveilla doucement,
Lui disant, Mignon, je vous salue la vie:
Soyez une autre fois plus sage, je vous prie.

A female of exquisite form and joyous expression, a bewitching Psyche, is seated on a wall playing with a child. A simple landscape is seen between the trunks of a few trees. The drawing and colouring of the figures are worthy of the best periods of Italian art, from which M. Baudry has evidently received his inspirations. He was a student in Rome, and received the grand prize (History in 1850). No one can contemplate this production without wishing that modern art would condescend more frequently to take its text from those old masters of Venice, Rome, and Florence, who elevated nature and painted pictures which are eternally beautiful. M. Cook's cattle pictures are among the most admirable domestic animal subjects in the collection. I have now pointed out a few of the most attractive works of this large collection; but have been obliged necessarily to pass dozens of respectable pictures under silence. It must be added, however, that there are a very large number which are rather fortunate in escaping remark. I cannot, however, leave this portion of the building without a few words on the number of portraits which are as abundant here as in any part of the exhibition. It is, however, vain to protest, it is against occupying space with so many of these amiable illustrations of personal vanity. Beyond a circle of friends, what interest can the public take in middle-aged old ladies and gentlemen in black coats and noisy pink and blue silks? If the authors of this art-tailoring were Vandycks, one might forgive them occupying walls which are intended to be hung with art, and not covered with tributes to family vanity or affection, as the case may be. There are a great number of these portraits which nothing but the good nature of the committee could have induced them to admit. Over the department of sculpture I must hasten *prestissimo*; there is little to repay a prolonged examination. The prevailing taste in France at the present day is a kind of bastard classicism—portraits of the rich unknown, decorative small works, and a few compositions demanded by the Church. In the present collection we have many examples of all these branches of the art. Barré's "Graziella" is a pleasant composition, elegant in conception, but feeble in execution. M. Cattier exhibits a cupid who has shot his arrow into a money-bag, which he entitles "Le point de mire." The idea is pretty. "A Girl at her Toilette," by M. Frison, is one of the most attractive compositions and pleasingly-executed works among the whole of the collection. A female of rounded form and somewhat full of limb is gazing into a mirror placed on a tripod. The left hand is employed in locking a necklace; and the general effect is elegant and classical. M. Lanzirotti appears to occupy his time with busts, among which is that of Mme. Albani—every one will at once recognise the favourite *contralto* of the Italian stage. Lequesne is an artist of no ordinary merit, as may be seen by his admirable statue of Marshal St. Arnaud—an excellent portrait, treated with a feeling for dignity. He has also contributed some charming statuettes; witness his "Lesbie," a reclining female, holding a bird on her forefinger. Had he lived in the time of the Greeks his women would have been deities. M. Simgan's "Etruscan Art" is a classical figure of a female painting one of those beautiful vases which have reformed our modern pottery. Talurb gives us a Napoleon I., with the traditional solemnity of that grand head. Valette's "Sin" is remarkable for the vigour of its action and beauty of its anatomy.

With these brief remarks I take leave of the sculpture. As a whole, this exhibition, though doubtless meritorious to a certain point, will not elevate the character of French art, either for sculpture or painting, as indicating progress.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

At the Geological Society Professor J. Phillips, "On some comparative sections in the oolite and ironstone series of Yorkshire," stated that he thought it desirable to place on record some facts ascertained with precision which may help to fix our ideas of the affinity of certain calcareous beds in the Yorkshire series with some of the well-known members of the oolite in the South of England, and at the same time form a basis for inquiry as to the geographical range of the limestone, coal, and ironstone of the district, and, by consequence, the physical condition of the sea or estuary in which, or on the shores of which, the mingled deposits of the north-eastern part of Yorkshire were deposited. For this purpose he gave

the details of two great sections, one on the actual sea-coast, the other on the old glacial sea-coast, of the Hambleton Hills. By comparing these sections the existence of five special plant-producing bands of sandstones and shales, four calcareous bands, and several layers of ironstone, in the lower oolite series, were exhibited. In passing from Scarborough westward to Thirsk, the uppermost of the four calcareous bands is obliterated, the others undergoing great modifications; the sandstone, shales, coal, and ironstone diminishing in thickness, until lost before reaching the Derwent. The inferior oolite is richly ferruginous north of a line passing from Thirsk to Robin Hood's Bay, the ironstone bands being very productive in the same district.

Professor Ansted, "On the Geology of the Southern part of Andalusia between Gibraltar and Almería,"

described the mica schists of the Sierra Nevada, in which, on the south-west, irregular deposits of highly argentiferous copper occur. Next in order are the blue and black limestones of the Sierra da Gador, on the north side of the Sierra Nevada; these are probably of Jurassic age, but much altered, and traversed by fissures containing enormous deposits of galena. The red marble of San Anton was probably of cretaceous age. A peculiar calcareous breccia at the base of the tertiary series reposed on the Jurassic and cretaceous rocks; on it lies a hard limestone of oolitic structure, with which is associated a compact rock of the nummulitic series. The upper tertiary formation consists of the Tejares beds. Of later age are the raised beaches, along the coast line, between Malaga and Almería.

Among the titles of communications read at the

meeting were the following:—"On some fossils from the Crimea;" "On the Geology of the North-Eastern portion of the Dobrucha;" "Further observations of the fresh-water strata occurring in the Archipelago and around the Levant, illustrating the existence of an extensive lake in the middle tertiary period;" "On a new fossil fish from the Keuper of Warwickshire;" "On the bones of an entire hind foot of an iguanodon discovered in the Wealden of the south coast of the Isle of Wight;" and "Notice of the discovery of a large femur, four feet ten inches long, of the iguanodon, in the Wealden Clay, at Sandown Bay, Isle of Wight." The bones of the foot of the iguanodon were exhibited; also a slab of shale, with reptilian foot-tracks from the coal measures of Dean Forest, and an extensive series of fossils from Malaga, the Crimea, and the Levant.

At the last meeting for the session of the Geographical Society, three very beautiful sketches of Eastern and Western Siberia, made by Mr. T. W. Atkinson during his seven years' journey in those regions, were exhibited. The President announced that, through the activity of Capt. Irmingier, of the Danish Navy, the services of the well-known Esquimaux interpreter, Carl Petersen, had been secured for the Arctic expedition under the command of Capt. McClintock, R.N., which would sail immediately on the arrival of the interpreter from Aberdeen for the North. The papers read were—"Description of Vancouver's Island;" "Extracts from the Proceedings of the North Australian Expedition;" "Report of the Expedition for the Exploration of the Rewa River and its tributaries;" "Report of the Expedition up the Nile;" "A Journey in Mexico;" and a "Report on the Salt-water from the West Coast of Africa."

At the Zoological Society, twelve new or little-known species of the South American family Formicariidae were described by Mr. Sclater. It has been ascertained by Mr. Tones that there are two species of bats in New Zealand. The first notice of the occurrence of Chiroptera was by Forster, in 1772-4, who gave to it the name "Vespertilio tuberculatus;" the other species is to be seen in the Museum of the College of Surgeons. Twenty-one proposed new species of the Jamaican species of *Cyclotus* and eight new species of that sub-genus from Jamaica were described by the Hon. E. Chitty. A new species of Antelope from Bombay, lately living in the menagerie of the society, which was characterised under the name of "Oryx Beatrix," also was described by Dr. Gray, as also were two new genera of Gorgoniidae; and a rabbit, said to be originally brought from the Himalayan Mountains, was noticed by Mr. Bartlett. It is smaller than the domestic rabbit: its body is pure white; the nose, ears, feet, and tail are of a dark-brownish black, the eyes dark red; and the fur is shorter, and more nearly equal. It was proposed to call this "*Lepus nigripes*."

In the transactions of the Astronomical Society the Astronomer-Royal has given a statement respecting certain ancient eclipses which have recently engaged his attention, namely, the eclipses of Thales and Agathocles. The eclipse of Thales happened during the occurrence of a battle between the Medes and Lydians; and, according to Herodotus, the combatants on both sides were so terrified that an immediate cessation of hostilities ensued. The eclipse of Agathocles is also associated with a remarkable incident. Agathocles, having been blockaded in the harbour of Syracuse by a Carthaginian fleet, took advantage of a temporary relaxation of the blockade to quit the harbour, land in Africa, and lay waste the Carthaginian territories. "It is stated that the voyage to the African coast occupied six days, and that an eclipse, which was manifestly total, occurred on the second day." The object of the Astronomer-Royal was, by the improved state of lunar astronomy, to fix the precise time of the occurrence of the eclipse of Thales, using for this purpose the eclipse of Agathocles as a critical eclipse; but, suspecting the imperfections of his previous calculations, he employed in his researches, in combination with the eclipses mentioned above, that of Larissa, to which his attention had been invited. This eclipse is mentioned by Xenophon in the Anabasis as having led to the capture, by the Persians, of a Median city, which he calls Larissa. In the retreat of the Greeks they came upon a large deserted city called Larissa, and from thence proceeded to a city called Mespila, formerly inhabited by the Medes. The minute descriptions given by Xenophon of these cities have enabled Layard, Jones, and others, to identify Larissa with the modern Nimrud, and Mespila with the Mosul of the present day. The Astronomer-Royal having examined approximately all the eclipses which occurred within an interval of forty years, selected two and computed them, but found them inapplicable; and, having then tried another, had the satisfaction of finding that the eclipse, though giving a small shadow, was total, and that it passed so near to Nimrud that there could not be a doubt of its being the eclipse sought. The conclusion to which he has been conducted by his researches is, that Professor Hansen's solar and lunar tables very well represent the phenomena of the three eclipses—of Agathocles, B.C. August 14, 309; Larissa, B.C. May 19, 556; and Thales, B.C. May 28, 584—as far as the historical account of those eclipses can be interpreted.

The use of these tables has enabled him incontestably to fix the capture of Larissa to the date here stated. This identification promises to prove valuable, not merely for its chronological utility, but also for its accurate determination of an astronomical epoch—the point eclipsed being exactly known, and the shadow having been very small.

A new planet—the forty-fourth of the minor planets—was discovered by M. Goldschmidt at Paris on the 27th of May. The planet resembles a star of the 10.11th magnitude. A new star has been discovered in the nebula of Orion by M. Porro at Paris. It was first seen by him when trying an object-glass of 20.5 inches in diameter, the eyepiece magnifying 1200. He has again seen it twice, and his observations have been since confirmed.

In elucidating the laws of colours, Mr. Crace Calvert, at the Royal Institution, pointed out that Newton first gave the world any statement relative to the components of light; others had followed him in his researches, limiting, however the number from seven, as is now well known, to three primitive colours; but no definite laws were arrived at until Chevreul made the discovery of dividing those laws into "successive, simultaneous, and mixed contrasts." The "successive contrast," which had long been known, consisted in the fact that on looking steadily for a few minutes on a red surface fixed on a white sheet of paper, and then carrying the eye to another white sheet, there will be perceived on it not a red but a green one; if green, red; if purple, yellow; if blue, orange. The "simultaneous contrast" was when two coloured surfaces were placed together; they mutually influence each other—favourably if harmonising colours, or in a contrary manner if discordant, and in such proportion in either case as to be in exact ratio with the quantity of complementary colour which is generated in the eye. From the "mixed contrast" arises the rule that a brilliant colour should never be looked at for any length of time, if its true tint or brilliancy is to be appreciated, for the complementary colour is always generated in the eye and tarnishes the original colour. M. Chevreul had distinctly classed 13,480 colours in his table, so that the complementary colours could be ascertained at a glance.

Some annelid tubes, compressed laterally, and lying obliquely in the strata, have been discovered in the Hollybush sandstone of the Malvern hills; these were at first supposed to be fucoids, but were declared to be annelida by Mr. J. Salter. This discovery is important, as the Hollybush sandstone is a bed at the bottom of all the Silurian deposits, and hitherto no animal life had been detected on it.

ART AND ARTISTS.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE Museum of Ornamental Art hitherto packed away in the first floor of Marlborough House is now removed to more spacious quarters, in the temporary building erected upon the Kensington Estate. At present, however, the collection is not displayed in its full dimensions. It consists of about 4000 objects, of which 1000 have been withdrawn and sent for exhibition to Manchester, while others are in circulation among provincial art-institutions.

A few contributions of private owners are exhibited, amongst which the most curious and interesting is Wren's original model of the Cathedral of St. Paul's, lent by the Dean and Chapter. The architectural Museum, founded in 1851 in Cannon-row, Westminster, has also been removed to the Kensington building; and a Trade Collection and an Economic Museum have been added by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851. Lastly, the Sheepshanks pictures, left by their liberal donor with the express view of their being made useful for the purposes of art culture, are here exhibited in a gallery built of brick for their reception, the rest of the building being constructed of iron.

The Sheepshanks Gallery consists of 234 oil paintings, together with a collection of sketches, drawings, and etchings, principally by British artists. These works extend over a period of about fifty years, illustrating the progress of the English school during the past half century. None of the pictures are of large dimensions, and the greater number belong to that peculiar genre which has grown up since the time of Wilkie. Here are more than thirty of Mulready's works, including some of this very best, "Choosing the Wedding Gown;" "The Butt;" "Giving a Bite;" "The Fight Interrupted." By the side of these are two dozen of Leslie's chalky Dorotheas, Griseldas, and Dulcineas, and a duplicate of "The Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby." There are sixteen oil paintings by Sir Edwin Landseer, among which are "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner" and "Jack in Office." Very curious are the early drawings of our great dog painter—one of them, done at the age of five years, showing already a wonderful precocity of observation and execution. There are eight slight pieces by Wilkie, ten by Stothard, eleven by E. W. Cooke, nine by W. Collins, nine by Callcott. Other artists are not in quite so great force, though there are few of which there are not at least two specimens. Amongst the most prominent names are those of Constable—of whose pencil Halford Mill

(37) and Salisbury Water Meadows (38) are charming examples—Cope, Creswick, J. Linnell, Stanfield, Eastlake, Frith, Etty, Lee, Lance, Redgrave, Roberts, Turner, Uwins, Withington, and Webster. Of the last-mentioned painter there are six, all excellent examples. The drawings and etchings are not the least interesting part of the exhibition. There is a freshness and vigour about these pencil studies which the finished painting rarely surpasses.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE cliques and coteries of the artist-world are laughing over a capital story, which is strongly illustrative of the gullibility and bleedability of gentlemen in trade with a taste for the fine arts. It appears that a picture representing the interior of a well-known mansion had been lying for some time upon the hands of a well-known dealer, who was greatly puzzled what to do with it. Eventually he had a few groups painted in by an artist now rising into eminence; and thus garnished, the painting (which was, we believe, originally purchased for about fifty pounds) passed into the hands of a country picture dealer, who thought he could "place" it. How this operation was effected we do not precisely know; but the result was, that this joint-stock work of high art has become the property of a fortunate inhabitant of North Britain for the trifling consideration of 750*l*. We were aware that, what with mock auctions in London, paragraphs in the newspapers, and the want of experience among those *nouveaux riches* who appear to regard the possession of fine-art treasures as essential to their condition; but we certainly had no idea that it had gone so far.—The collection of portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, exhibited at the rooms of the Archaeological Society in Suffolk-street, will set at rest the controversy, if not as to her virtue, at any rate to her beauty.—It is stated that Mr. Gerome's wonderful picture of the "Duel after the Ball" has been purchased by the Empress Eugenie for 15,000 francs.

The annual exhibition of paintings, &c. at Paris is now open. The total number of works of art exhibited is 3464, of which 2715 are paintings. The amount of excellence is about an average. Many of the great artists of France have not exhibited, as witness the absence from the catalogue of such as Ingres, Delacroix, and Rosa Bonheur. The late Crimean war is of course a fruitful mine of subjects. Muller, too, has perpetuated an event which is likely to be prominent in the history of Queen Victoria, namely, her "Reception by the Emperor and Empress at St. Cloud."

—The annual assembly of the Archaeological Institute will take place this year at Chester. Lord Talbot de Malahide will preside, and the event is expected to be full of interest for archaeologists.—A private Pre-Raphaelite exhibition has been held in Russell-place, Fitzroy-square. This is doubtless an experiment which, if successful, will be the precursor of similar but more public manifestations. It looks as if the Pre-Raphaelites intended to separate themselves once for all into a distinct school.—From the report of the committee of the memorial to Edward Forbes, the naturalist, that undertaking has been most successful. The sum collected amounts altogether to 452*l*.; and a marble bust, executed by Mr. Lough, has been erected in the hall of the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn-street.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

DR. CHRYSANDER, the German literary gentleman to whom has been entrusted the duty of writing the biography of Handel, to be prefixed to the forthcoming edition of the great composer's works, is now in England searching for materials for his work. The recent issue of M. Schœlcher's excellent work (now the only authority upon all matters of fact connected with Handel) is a fortunate circumstance for the worthy Doctor. The occupant of the throne of musical criticism for a cotemporary who is not remarkable for the impartiality of his verdicts, has taken the extraordinary course of offering to Dr. Chrysander some advice upon his mission without so much as referring to M. Schœlcher's labours. This is not merely ungenerous, but dishonest. The animus with which this bilious critic has attempted to decry a work which he imperfectly comprehends, too plainly proceeds from the exposure of one of the numerous blunders perpetrated by that critic, which M. Schœlcher had the honest indiscretion to assert in his book. *Tantene animis parvulus ira.*—Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton's clever entertainment, "Proverbial Philosophies," has closed for the season—soon to be reopened, we trust, with renewed energy and fresh attractions. Surely an hour may be more profitably spent in listening to these elegant and innocent little operettas than in gazing at a "nondescript" or any other monstrous deformity.—M. Julien has been attracting the public to the Surrey Gardens with the band of Belgian Guides. The promenaders who frequent that popular place of resort are fond of martial music, and prefer the bruyant clangour of the brass to the soft harmonies of stringed instruments.—It is rumoured that Signor Verdi to compose an opera expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mr. Woodin, the mimic, has added Madame Ristori to his

list. Those who have heard him report that the imitation is successful. Scarcely so much so as that by Mr. Robson in the burlesque of "Medea," we should imagine. At any rate, be the buffoonery good or bad, there are persons and things which should be sacred from such degradation; and in our estimation Madame Ristori is one of those persons, her acting one of those things.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE 1200*l.* granted by Parliament for the reward of "learning and genius" has been distributed. The following are some of the most remarkable items upon the list:—100*l.* to Mrs. A. Beckett; 100*l.* to Mr. P. J. Bailey; 100*l.* to Mrs. A. Merrifield; 100*l.* to Dr. Alison; 70*l.* to Mrs. Hugh Miller; 50*l.* to Mr. Charles Swain; 30*l.* to Mr. MacLagan (who is Mr. MacLagan?); 25*l.* of additional pension to Dr. Richardson, making 50*l.* a year in all; 25*l.* a year to Mrs. Haydn, in addition to a former 25*l.*

At a meeting on the subject of the Livingstone Testimonial Fund, at the Mansion-house, the hon. secretaries presented the balance-sheet, which was received and approved. It was stated upon the occasion that the London committee had much gratification in being able to present 1600*l.*, including the money received from subscribers from Halifax, Hull, and Sheffield, to the devoted missionary, Dr. Livingstone. The following acknowledgment has been received by the Lord Mayor, who so kindly acted as treasurer of the fund:—

London, July 8.

My Lord Mayor,—May I beg you to present my heartfelt thanks to all the subscribers to the London Livingstone Testimonial Fund, for the expression of the kind appreciation of my past services which they have presented through your Lordship, and assure them that I value very highly this and every other mark of public approbation which my countrymen have bestowed upon me? Their favours are the more gratifying, inasmuch as they were entirely unexpected, for I was actuated not by the hope of securing renown, but by the simple desire of doing my duty. I beg also to tender my grateful acknowledgments to the committee and hon. secretaries for their kind and generous services, and my sincere thanks to your Lordship for all the kind interest you have always manifested in the matter.

Believe me, my Lord, gratefully yours,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The new members of the Ethnological Society are the Earl of Ellesmere, Edward Lanford, Esq., M.D., and A. Trübner, Esq., the enterprising publisher whose valuable labours in linguistic science are known to all ethnologists.—Béranger, the poet, has been very ill, and his life was despaired of. It is now, however, stated that he has recovered. During his illness the Empress Eugénie exhibited the most assiduous solicitude with regard to his health; an attention which, it is said, sank deep into the heart of the poet of liberty.—Schiller's eldest son died on the 20th of June, at Stuttgart. He leaves one son, who is an officer in the Austrian service, and when he is gone there will be no one to bear the honoured name of the great author of "Die Rauber."

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Italian version of *Fra Diavolo*. Madame Ristori in "Lady Macbeth."

PRINCESS'S.—*The Tempest*.

HAYMARKET.—*First and Second Floor*, a farce. —Mr. Buckstone's Benefit.—*The Victims*, a drama in three acts by Tom Taylor, Esq.

ADELPHI.—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.—*Latest From New York*, a farce by Mr. Stirling Coyne.—*The Family Circle*.

OLYMPIC.—*Massaniello*, a burlesque by R. Brough, Esq.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Departure of *Les Bouffes Parisiens*.

MR. AND MRS. DRAYTON'S ENTERTAINMENT.—*Cloture* of.

The past fortnight has left so many new shells washed up upon the shore that I can do no more than pick them up, and give a word or two of comment upon each.

The long-expected Italian version of Auber's opera, with enrichments and emendations by himself, has succeeded perfectly. Among these, musical authorities speak highly of a trio in the first act. The performance, with Madame Bosio and Signori Gardoni and Ronconi in the cast, left nothing to be desired.

Mme. Ristori's Lady Macbeth must be seen to be believed in. I am inclined to regret that the text of Shakspeare has not been more religiously adhered to; but let that pass. Having no Macbeth of her own level, it was natural that the Thane should be dwarfed, and his great wife should appear more dominant over the conduct of the plot. Mme. Ristori's reading of the part is not in perfect consistency with the traditional one: it is original and impressive; nothing exactly like it was ever seen before; and to those who know what slaves of convention actors and actresses are, it is much to say that she was new, and yet admirable, and not only admirable, but admired. Upon many scenes in the piece, the banquet-scene, the sleep-walking scene especially, volumes of criticism might be written. But for one, I will only say,

suspend your judgments and go and see for yourself, and when you are there hold your breath.

The new version of *The Tempest* will, probably, be the most successful of Mr. Kean's revivals, as it certainly is the most beautiful. What machinery and scene-painting, what costumes, what every branch of the decorative art could do for *The Tempest* has been done. The acting, also, is excellent throughout; Mr. Kean sustaining the part of Prospero with the quiet dignity which becomes the part. Perhaps now for the first time has "the tricky spirit" been perfectly realised in the flesh.

At the Haymarket a farce has been produced, called *First and Second Floor*, which is an adaptation of "La Rue de la Lune." It is impossible, but it is funny; and then Mr. Buckstone is in it. The benefit of that excellent lessee came off very happily, and was signalled not only by the delivery of a very humorous speech, but by the production of a thoroughly original and perfectly successful drama, from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor. The plot is a simple sketch of modern private life, taken, I fear, from originals which are far too common—a husband who sacrifices a wife to his selfishness and egotism. This is the backbone of the piece; but the outline is filled in with admirable points of satiric humour against some modern follies, and it is clothed with an epigrammatic style which Mr. Taylor is now alone capable of producing. It is a piece that will be standard.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have now undisputed possession of the Adelphi, and the public seems to have no objection to be submitted to their sway. Mr. Stirling Coyne has produced a charming little trifle for their special benefit, entitled *Latest From New York*, and Mr. Barney has drawn from his *répertoire* another little piece of funniment called *The Family Circle*.

Mr. Robert Brough's *Massaniello* is too good as a burlesque to be seriously criticised as a work of art. There is little incident and no plot; yet such is the brilliancy of the writing, such is the admirable humour which glows through the piece, such is the wonderful acting of Mr. Robson as the poor insane fisherman dupe, that I must class it among the very best pieces of the kind that I ever yet met with. Mr. G. Cooke's rendering of a policeman (inspector of the Neapolitan blues) is as fine a piece of humour as ever I saw upon the stage; nor can I omit a word of praise to Miss Swanborough and Miss Hughes, who maintained the parts of prince and princess with an easy grace which showed that, if the characters were not natural ones to them, they might have been. I have to note with regret the departure of the clever Bouffes Parisiennes from the St. James's Theatre, and the closing of Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton's excellent "Proverbial Philosophies."

JACQUES.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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Princes-street, New Turnstile, in the parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury,
and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street, Strand,
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